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A Scolar Press Facsimile

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

Christopher Marlowe
1593

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Printed and published in Great Britain by
The Scolar Press Limited, Menston, Yorkshire
and 39 Great Russell Street, London WC1

This facsimile first published 1973

ISBN
0 85967 026 0
(Cloth)

ISBN
0 85967 027 9
(Paperback)

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Introductory note

Although not one of the early editions of *Tamburlaine* names the author, there is little doubt that the work is Marlowe's. Apart from the 'proud full sail' of its verse and the exhilaration of cruelty which announce themselves as Marlowe's, there are two contemporary references that settle the matter. In 1588 Robert Greene, bitter about the success of 'that Atheist *Tamburlan*' and his 'daring God out of heaven' (as Tamburlaine does in Part II, Act V Scene i), scorned its writer and other 'mad and scoffing poets, that have propheticall spirits as bred of *Merlins* race'. Even more unmistakable is the description of Marlowe in Thomas Heywood's Prologue to the Cockpit performance of *The Jew of Malta* as one of the 'best of Poets in that age' who owed his fame to *Hero and Leander* and to *Tamburlaine*; just in case this was not clear the 1633 edition of *The Jew of Malta* printed a marginal gloss: 'Marlo'.

Greene's reference helps to date the play more securely, adding to the evidence of a letter from Philip Gawdy to his father, dated 16 November 1587, which describes an actual (and exciting) performance:

> My L. Admyrall his men and players having a devyse in ther playe to tye one of their fellowes to a poste and so to shoote him to deathe, having borrowed their callyvers one of the players handes swerved his peece being charged with bullett missed the fellowe he aymed at and killed a chyld, and a woman great with chyld forthwith, and hurt an other man in the head very soore.

This would seem to fit the episode in Part II (again in Act V Scene i) in which the Governor of Babylon is hung in chains on the city walls and shot to death. The title page of the first edition claims the play for the Admiral's Men, and among their property and costume lists for 1598 are items used in the staging and dressing of *Tamburlaine*: 'Tamberlyne brydell', 'Tamberlynes cotte with coper lace', 'Tamberlanes breches of crymson vellvet'. The Admiral's leading actor, Edward Alleyn,

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played the protagonist, just as he played Barabas in *The Jew of Malta:*

> *in* Tamberlaine,
> *This* Jew, *with others many; th'other* [Alleyn] *wan*
> *The Attribute of peerelesse.*

Henslowe's *Diary* notes a revival of the play after Marlowe's death. Between 28 August 1594 and 13 November 1595 there were fifteen performances of the First Part and seven of Part II. The profits for nearly every performance were handsome.

The immense popularity of *Tamburlaine* is testified not only by the frequent performances recorded in the *Diary* but equally by the numerous references to it in other works of the period. Some writers took it seriously, as Sir Walter Raleigh did when, stressing the uncertainty of human fortune, he pointed to Bajazeth, appointed by God 'to play the *Grand Seignior* of the *Turks* in the morning, and in the same day, the *Footstool* of *Tamerlane*'. Others were scathing of the 'high astounding tearmes' in which Marlowe presented his hero: Ben Jonson could see in the play 'nothing . . . but the *scenicall* strutting and furious vociferation to warrant [it] to the ignorant gapers'.

The two parts of *Tamburlaine* were registered together (and a single fee was paid) on 14 August 1590. *The Stationers' Register* reads: 'Richard Jones/Entred unto him for his Copye/*The twooe commicall discourses of* TOMBERLEIN *the Cithian shepparde*/ under the handes of Master Abraham Hartewell, and the Wardens . . . Vjd'. Jones' name appears as printer on the first three editions, but it seems that he did not himself own a press; the work must have been done for him, perhaps (such is the difference in appearance of the three editions) by three separate printing houses. The play first appeared as a black letter octavo in 1590. Two copies of this survive, in the Bodleian and Huntington Libraries, collating A—K_8,L_2. The Bodleian copy is badly mutilated: margins have been cut down so that ends of lines are occasionally missing, and sometimes the pages are cropped so that the last lines on each side of a leaf are omitted. K3 has been torn out. This copy has a corrected outer forme of B, and the Huntington copy a corrected outer forme of A; in both cases the corrections affect only minor details of spelling and punctuation. A second edition, also octavo, appeared in 1593, based on O1 and correcting a few of its obvious errors while adding several more of its own. The only

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surviving copy of this, British Museum C.34.a.4, is here reproduced (original size) by permission of the Trustees. There has been some tampering with the date on the titlepage, the last figure being blotted and partly erased. If it is a '2' it lacks the serif common to other 2s in this fount; if a '3' it lacks the lower lobe. Langbaine and bibliographers until the nineteenth century speak of a 1593 edition and make no mention of one in 1592, so it would seem that the later date is to be preferred. A third edition, also based on O1, was printed in 1597, and the two parts were issued separately in a fourth edition of 1605 (Part II) and 1606 (Part I). O4 was printed from O3 by Allde for Edward White. Both O3 and O4, like O2, correct some of the mistakes of their copy texts, but again neither contains any new matter for which special authority can be claimed. After O4 the play was not published again until the nineteenth century.

Stage directions suggest that the copy for O1 is unlikely to have been a theatrical MS: they lack the precision and explicitness that a prompter would require. Most probably the text was printed from Marlowe's foul papers and, if this is the case, it could be Marlowe himself who is responsible for the flourishes at the end of some acts: '*Finis Actus* 2'. The MS has been 'edited', however; in his Address the publisher claims that he has '(purposely) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous Iestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) far unmeet for the matter'. What these might have been, especially when they occurred in a play whose Prologue disdains the 'conceits [that] clownage keepes in pay', it is impossible to guess.

University of Sheffield ROMA GILL

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Tamburlaine

the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepheard
by his rare and wonderfull Conqueſtes, be
came a moſt puiſſant and mightie
Mornarch.

And (for his tvrannie, and terrour in warre)
was tearmed,

The Scourge of God.

The firſt part of the two Tragicall diſ-
courſes, as they were ſundrie times moſt
ſtately ſhewed vpon Stages in the
Citie of London.

By the right honorable the Lord Admirall,
his ſeruauntes.

Now newly publiſhed.

Printed by *Richard Iones*, dwelling at the ſigne of
the Roſe and Crowne neere Holborne
Bridge. 1592.

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To the Gentle-

men Readers and others that take pleasure in reading Histories.

GEntlemen, and courteous Readers whosoeuer: I haue here published in print for your sakes the two tragicall Discourses of the Scythian Shepheard *Tamburlaine*, that became so great a conqueror, and so mightie a Monarque: My hope is, that they wil be now no lesse acceptable vnto you to reade after your serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene (lately) delightful for many of you to see, when the same were shewed in London vpon stages. I haue (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond & friuolous Iestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre vnmeete for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded.

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To the Reader.

though (happly) they haue bene of ſome vaine-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at: what time they were ſhewed vpon the ſtage in their graced deformities: neuertheleſſe now to be mixtured in print with ſuch matter of worth: it woulde prooue a great diſgrace to ſo honorable & ſtatelie a hiſtory: Great folly were it in me to commend vnto your wiſedomes, either the eloquence of the Authour that writ them, or the worthynes of the matter it ſelfe: I therefore leaue vnto your learned cenſures, both the one & the other, and my ſelfe the poore printer of them vnto your moſt courteous and fauourable protection: which if you vouchſafe to accept, you ſhall euermore binde me to imploy what trauel and ſeruice I can to the aduancing and pleaſuring of your excelient degree.

Yours, moſt humble at commaundement,

R. L. Printer.

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The first part of the two tragicall Discourses of mightie Tamburlaine the Scythian Shepheard, &c.

The Prologue.

From iygging vaines of riming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
Weele lead you to the stately tent of War,
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine;
Threatning the world with high astounding tearms
And scourging kingdomes with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

Actus I. Scæna. I.

Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Orrygius, Cenchus, with others.

Mycetes.

Brother Cosroe, I find my selfe agreev'd,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundering speech:
Good brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cos. Vnhappie Persea, that in former age
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their policies,
Have triumpht ouer Affrike, and the bounds
Of Europe, where the Sun dares scarce appeare,
For freezing Meteors and congealed cold:
Now to be ruld and gouerned by a man,
At whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturne ioinde,
And loue, the Sun and Mercurie denied
To shed his influence in his fickle braine,

How Turkes & Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

Myce. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through your Planets I perceive you think,
I am not wise enough to be a king,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That know my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not?

Meand. Not for so smal a fault my soueraigne Lord.

Myce. I meane it not, but yet I know I might.
Yet live, yea, live, Mycetes wils it so.
Meander, thou my faithful Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued griefe,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine:
That like a Foxe in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey vpon my flocks of Passengers:
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.

Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complain
Of Tamburlaine that Scythian theefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis,
Trading by land vnto the westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawlesse traine,
Daily commits incivill outrages.
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His bagrant Ensigne in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captiue to your Highnesse throne.

Myce. Full true thou speakst, & like thy selfe my lord
Whome I may terme a Damon for thy loue:
Therefore tis best, if so it like you all,

So

To lend my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Egyptian.
How like you this, my honourable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?
Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then brave thy charge, brilliant Theridimas
The chiefest Captaine of Mycetes hoste,
The hope of Persia, and the verie legge
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds it up, and fooles our neighbour foes:
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose forming galle with rage and high disdaine,
Haue sworne the ruine of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
So did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may dye to day.
Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light
Doubt not my Lord and gratious Soveraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse foot.
Myce. Go, stout Theridimas, thy words are swords,
And with thy blowes thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view the silver-white steeds of mine.
Bedeckt with the heads of killed men,
And from their brests, even to their hookes below,
Besmear'd with blood, that makes a dainty show.
The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave.
Myc. Therid. Farewell ten thousand times, (Exit.
Ah, Menaphon, why staiest thou thus behind,
When others men preasse forward for renowne?
Go Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas:
Col. Nay, pray you let him stay a greater

Fits Menaphon, than warring with a theefe:
Create him Prince of Affrica,
That he may win the Babilonians hearts,
Which will reuolt from Perſean gouernment,
Vnleſſe they haue a wiſer King than you.
Myc. Vnleſſe they haue a wiſer king than you?
Theſe are his words, Meander ſet them downe.
Cof. And adde this to them, that all Aſia
Lament to ſee the follie of their King.
Mic Well here I ſweare by this my my royal ſeat,
Cof. You may doe well to kiſſe it then.
Myc. Emboſt with ſilke as beſt becomes my ſtate,
To be reueng'd for theſe contemptuous words.
O where is datie and allegeance now:
Fled to the Caſpian or the Ocean maine?
What ſhall I call thee brother? No, a foe,
Monſter of Nature, ſhame vnto thy ſtocke,
That darſt preſume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am abuſed Meander. Exit.
Manent Coſroe & Menaphon.
Mena. How now my Lord, what mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus threaten like himſelfe
Cof. Ah Menaphon, I paſſe not for his threates,
The plot is laid by Perſean Noble men,
And Captaines of the Medean garriſons,
To crowne mee Emperour of Aſia,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very ſubſtance of my vexed ſoule:
To ſee our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Perſean Monarkes name,
Now ſits and laughs our regiment to ſcorne,
And that which might reſolue me into teares:
When from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Haue ſwarm'd in troopes into the Eaſterne India:
Lading their ſhippe with golde and precious ſtones:
And made their ſpoiles from all our prouinces.

Mena.

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Mena. This should intreat your highneſſe to reioice,
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the title of a Conqueroure,
By curing of this maymed Emperie,
Affrike and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How eaſily may you with a mightie hoſte,
Paſſe into Grecia, as did Cyrus once?
And cauſe them to withdraw their forces home,
Leaſt you ſubdue the pride of Chriſtendome. (ſounds
Col. But Menaph, what meanes this trumpets
Mena. Behold, my Lord Orcygius, and the reſt,
Bringing the crowne to make you Emperour.

Enter Orcygius & Conerus bearing a Crowne with others.

Orc. Magnificent and mightie Prince Coſroe,
We in the name of other Perſean ſtates,
And commons of this mightie Monarchy,
Preſent thee with the Emperiall Diadem.
Cone. The warlike Souldiers, and the Gentlemen,
That heretofore haue ſild Perſepolis
With Affrike Captaines, taken in the field,
Whoſe ranſome made them march in coates of Golde,
With coſtlie Iewels hanging at their eares,
And ſhining ſtones vpon their lafrie Creſtes,
Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
Wanting both pay and martiall diſcipline.
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre,
And openly exclaime againſt their king.
Therefore to ſtay all ſodaine mutinies,
We will inueſt your highneſſe Emperour
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
Then did the Macedonians at the ſpoile
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoaſt.
Coſ. Well ſince I ſee the ſtate of Perſea droope,
And languiſh in my Brothers gouernment:

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I willingly receiue th'imperial crowne,
And bow to weare it for my countries good,
In ſpight of them ſhall malice my eſtate.
Ortig. And in aſſurance of deſir'd ſucceſſe,
We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the Eaſt,
Emperour of Aſia, and Perſea
Great Lord of Media and Armenia,
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Meſoporamia and of Parthia,
Eaſt India and the late diſcouered Iles,
Chiefe Lord of all the wide vaſt Euxine ſea,
And of the euer raging Caſpian Lake.
Long liue Coſroe inighty Emperour.
Coſr. And loue may neuer let me longer liue,
Then I may ſeeke to gratifie your loue,
And cauſe the Souldiers that thus honour me,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces,
By whoſe deſires of diſcipline in Armes,
I doubt not ſhortly but to raigne ſole king,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
whither we preſently will flie (my Lords)
To reſt ſecure againſt my brothers force. (crowne,
Ortyg. We knew my Lord, before wee brought the
Intending your inueſtion ſo neere,
The reſidence of your deſpiſed brother,
The Lord would not be too exaſperate,
To iniurie or ſuppreſſe your worthy tytle:
Or if they would, there are in readines
Ten thouſand horſe to carrie you from heuce,
In ſpight of all ſuſpected enemies.
Coſr. I know it well my Lord and thanke you al.
Ortyg. Sound by the trumpets then,
God ſaue the king. Exeunt.

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Actvs I. Scæna. II.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Vsumcasane, other Lords and Souldiers loden with treasure.

Tam. COme ladie, let not this appal your thoughts
The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Siria,
Euen in the circle of your Fathers armes,
The mightie Soudan of Ægyptia.
Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,
(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And scorne not to inrich thy followers,
Wy ladylesse repine from a fully maide,
Who trauelling with these Egyptian Lords
To Memphis, from my Vncles country of Medea,
Where all my youth I haue been gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his pettie signet and his hand,
To safe conduct by those fowe Africas:
Mag. And since we haue arriv'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We haue his highnesse letters to commaund
Aide and assistance if we stand in need.
Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes
Are countermaunded by a greater man:
And through my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I loue to liue at libertie,
As easily may you get the Soudans crowne,
As any prize out of my precinct.
For they are friends that help to weane my state,
Still men and kingdomes help to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude,

But tell me madam, is your grace betroth'd
Zen. I am (my Lord,) for ſo you doe impoſe.
Tam. I am a Lord, for ſo my deedes ſhall proove,
And yet a ſhepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Muſt grace his bed that conquers Aſia:
And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
Meaſuring the limits of his Empire
By Eaſt and Weſt, as Phœbus doth his courſe:
Lie here ye weedes that I diſdaine to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtle-axe
Are adiuncts more beſeeming Tamburlaine.
And Madam, whatſoeuer you eſteeme
Of this ſucceſſe, and loſſe vnualued,
Both may inuest you Empreſſe of the Eaſt:
And theſe that ſeeme but ſilly country ſwaines,
May haue the leading of ſo great an hoſte,
As with their waight ſhal make the mountains quake.
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for paſſage, tilt within the earth.
Tech. As princely Lions when they rouſe themſelues
Stretching their pawes, & threatning hearts of beaſts.
So in his Armour lookes Tamburlaine:
Me thinks I ſee kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fiery lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.
Vlum. And making thee and mee Techelles, kinges,
That euen to death will follow Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Nobly reſolu'd, ſweet friends and followers,
Theſe Lords (perhaps) do ſcorne our eſtimates:
And thinke we prattle with diſtempered ſpirits.
But ſince they meaſure our deſerts ſo meane,
That in conceit beare Empires on our ſpeares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They ſhall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eies they view vs Emperours.

Zen. The Gods defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer proſper your intended drifts,
That thus oppreſſe poore friendles paſſengers.
Therefore at leaſt admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hopſt to be eternized,
By liuing Aſias mightie Emperour.
Agid. I hope our Ladies treaſure and our owne,
May ſerue for ranſome to our liberties:
Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backs,
That we may trauell into Siria,
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus,
Expects the arriuall of her highneſſe perſon.
Mag And whereſoeuer we repoſe our ſelues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Diſdaines Zenocrate to liue with me?
Or you my Lordes to be my followers?
Thinke you I weigh this treaſure more than you?
Not all the Gold in Indias wealthy armes,
Shall buy the meaneſt ſouldier in my traine.
Zenocrate, louelier than the loue of Ioue,
Brighter than is the ſiluer Rhodope,
Fairer than whiteſt ſnow on Scythian hils,
Thy perſon is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the poſſeſſion of the Perſean Crowne,
Which gratious ſtarres haue promiſd at my birth,
A hundred Tartars ſhall attend on thee,
Mounted on ſteeds, ſwifter than Pegaſus.
Thy Garments ſhall be made of Medean ſilke,
Enchaſt with pretious ieweles of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than Zenocrates.
With milke-white Harts vpon an Ebonie ſled,
Thou ſhalt be drawen amidſt the froſen Poles,
And ſcale the ſyie mountains lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be ſoone reſolu'd.
My martial prizes with fiue hundred men,
Won on the ſafie headed Vuolgas Waues,

Shall we offer to Zenocrate,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.
Tech. What now? In love?
Tam. Techelles, women must be flattered,
But this is she with whom I am in love.
Enter a Souldier.
Sould. Newes, newes.
Tamb. How now, what's the matter?
Sould. A thousand Persean horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the King to overcome us all.
Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate?
Now must your jewels be redeem'd againe:
And I that triumpht so be overcome.
How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?
Agid. We hope your self will willingly redeem them.
Tam. Such hope, such fortune have the thousand horse.
But ye my Lords and sweet Zenocrate,
you must be forced from me ere you go.
A thousand horsmen? We five hundred foote?
Ods too great, for us to stand against:
But are they rich? And is their armour good?
Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with beaten golde,
Their swords enameld, and about their necks
Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,
In every part exceeding braue and rich.
Tam. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or looke you, I should play the Orator?
Tech. No cowards and faint-hearted runnawaies,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.
Our swordes shall play the Orators for us.
Vsum. Come let us meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sodaine and an hot alarum
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come let us march.
Tam. Stay Techelles, ask a parle first,

The

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Gates, yet guard the treasure sure.
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians.
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
We'le fight five hundred men at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession:
And gainst the General we will lift our swords
And either land his greedie thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shall wee encounter them?

Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot,
My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

Tam. Who seekes the Persian? I am Tamburlaine.

Ther. Tamburlaine? A Scythian Shepherd so imbellished
With Natures pride, and richest furniture?
His looks do menace heaven & dare the Gods,
His fiery eies are fixt upon the earth.
As if he now deuis'd some Stratagem:
Or meant to pierce Auernus darksome vaults.
To pull the triple headed dog from hell.

Tamb. Noble and milde this Persian seemes to be,
If outward habit Iudge the inward man.

Tech. His deepe affections make him passionate.

Tamb. With what a maiestie he rears his looks
In thee (thou valiant man of Persia)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters graven in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?

For

Forſake thy king and do but ioyne with me
And we will triumph ouer all the world.
I hold the Fates bound faſt in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And ſooner ſhall the Sun fall from his Sphearc
Than Tamburlaine be ſlaine or ouercome.
Draw forth thy ſword, thou mightie man at armes,
Intending but to raiſe my charmed ſkin:
And loue himſelfe will ſtretch his hand from heauen,
To ward the blow, and ſhield me ſafe from harme,
See how he raines downe heapes of gold in ſhowers.
As if he meant to giue my ſouldiers pay,
And as a ſure and grounded argument,
That I ſhall be the Monarke of the Eaſt.
He ſends this Souldans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queene and portly Empreſſe,
If thou wilt ſtay with me renowmed man,
And lead thy thouſand horſe with my conduct,
Beſides thy ſhare of this Egyptian prize,
Thoſe thouſand horſe ſhall ſweat with martiall ſpoyle
Of conquered kingdomes, and of Cities ſacks,
Both we will walke vpon the lofty cliffes,
And Chriſtian Merchants that with Ruſſian ſtemmes
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caſpian ſea,
Shall baile to vs, as Lords of al the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Conſuls of the earth,
And mightie kings ſhall be our Senators.
Ioue ſometime maſked in a ſhepheards weede,
And by thoſe ſteps that he hath ſcal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane eſtate,
(I call it meane, becauſe being yet obſcure,
The nations far remoou'd admire me not)
And when my name and honor ſhall be ſpread,
As far as Boreas claps his braſen wings,
Or faire Boötes ſends his cheerefull light.

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Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in al his maiestie.
Ther. Not Hermes Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vse perswasions more pathetical.
Tam. Nor are Apollos Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt finde my vaunts substantiall,
Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persean king,
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We'd thinke it losse to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friends successe.
Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we al expect,
Besides the honor in assured conquests:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swords,
And hosts of Souldiers stand amazd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse
These are the men that al the world admires, (soule
The. What strong enchantments tice my yeelding
Are these resolued noble Scythyans?
But shall I proone a traitor to my King?
Tamb. No, but the trustie friend of Tamburlaine,
Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men & horse to thee: (looks,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridimas.
Tam. Theridimas my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by heaven,
And call'd the Gods to witnesse of my vowe,
Thus shall my heart be stil combinde with thine,
Vntill our bodies turne to Elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles, and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome renowned Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may Theridimas remain with vs.
Tam. These are my friends in whom I more reioyce,
Than doth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pylades and Orestes,

¶ Whoſe ſtatures we adoze in Scythia,
Thy ſelfe and them ſhall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in Aſia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine
Shal want my heart to be with gladneſſe pierc'd
To do you honor and ſecuritie.
Tam. A thouſand thankes worthy Theridamas:
And now faire Madam, and my noble Lordes,
If you will willingly remaine with me,
You ſhall haue honors, as your merits be:
Or els you ſhal be forc'd with ſlauerie.
Agid. ¶ We yeeld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you then Madam, I am out of doubt,
Zeno. I muſt be pleaſde perforce, wretched
(Zenocrate. Exeunt.

Actvs II. Scæna. I.

Coſroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other Souldiers.

Coſroe.

THus farre are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowme and myracle:
But tell me, that haſt ſeene him, Menaphon,
¶ What ſtature wields he, and what perſonage?
Mena. Of ſtature tall, and ſtraightly faſhioned,
Like his deſire, lift vpwards and diuine,
So large of limes, his ioints ſo ſtrongly knit,
Such breadth of ſhoulders as might mainely beare
Vide Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, then all the world is plaſte:
¶ Wherein

Wherein by curious ſoueraigntie of Art,
Are ſixt his piercing inſtruments of ſight:
Whoſe circles beare encompaſſed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his ſteps and actions to the throne,
Where honors reſts inueſted royally:
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with paſſion,
Thirſting with ſoueraignty with loue of armes,
His lofty browes in folds, do figure death,
And in their ſmoothneſſe, amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber haire.
Wrapped in curles, as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton maieſtie:
His armes and fingers long and ſinewy,
Betokening valour and exceſſe of ſtrength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world ſubdued to Tamburlaine.
Coſ. Wel haſt thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life,
The face and perſonage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth ſtrine with Fortune and his ſtars,
To make him famous in accompliſht worth:
And wel his merits ſhew him to be made
His Fortunes maiſter, and the king of men.
That could perſwade at ſuch a ſodaine pinch,
With reaſons of his valour and his life,
A thouſand ſworne and ouer-matching foes:
Then when our powers in points of ſwords are join'd
And clode in compaſſe of the killing bullet,
Though ſtraite the paſſage and the port be made.
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Pzond is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the pzincely Perſean Diadem,
Shall ouerweigh his wearie witleſſe head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with ſhakes of death,
In faire Perſea noble Tamburlain

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Shall be my Regent, and remaine as King:
Ort. In happie houre we haue ſet the Crowne
Vpon your Kingly head, that ſeeks our honor,
In ioyning with the man ordaind by heauen
To further euerie action to the beſt.
Cen. He that with ſhepheards and a little ſpoyle,
Durſt in diſdaine of wrong and tyrannie,
Defend his freedome gainſt a Monarchie:
What will he doe ſupported by a king?
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And ſtuft with treaſure for his higheſt thoughtes.
Cof. And ſuch ſhall wait on worthy Tamburlaine,
Our armie will be forty thouſand ſtrong,
When Tamburlain and braue Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuer Araris:
And all conioin'd to meete the witleſſe King,
That now is marching neere to Parthia.
And with vnwilling ſouldiers faintly arm'd,
To ſeeke reuenge on me and Tamburlaine.
To whom ſweet Menaphon, direct me ſtraight.
Mena. I will my Lord. Exeunt.

Actvs. II. Scæna. II.

Mycetes, Meander with other Lordes and Souldiers.

Mycetes.

COme my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my hart is ſwolne with wrath,
On this ſame thecriſh villain Tamburlain.
And of that falſe Cofroe, my traiterous brother.
Would it not grieue a King to be ſo abuſd?
And haue a thouſand horſmen tane away?
And which is worſe to haue his Diadem
Sought for by ſuch ſcalde knaues as loue him not:
I thinke it would: well then, by heauens I ſweare,

Aurora

Aurora ſhall not peepe out of her doores,
But I will haue Coſroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of ſword.
Tell you the reſt (Meander I haue ſaid.

Mean. Then hauing paſt Armenian deſerts now,
And pitcht our tents vnder the Georgean hills,
Whoſe tops are couered with Tartarian theeues,
That lie in ambuſh, waiting for a pray:
What ſhould we doe but bid them battel ſtraight,
And rid the world of theſe deteſted troopes?
Leaſt if we let them linger here a while,
They gather ſtrength by power of freſh ſupplies.
This country ſwarmes with vile outragious men,
That liue by rapine and by lawleſſe ſpoile,
Fit ſouldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with giftes and promiſes
Inueigle him that lead a thouſand horſe,
And make him falſe his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win ſuch as be like himſelfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or ſlaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the Prouince of Albania.
Who brings that traitors head Theridamas,
Shall haue a gouernment in Medea:
Beſide the ſpoyle of him and all his traine:
But if Coſroe (as our Spials ſay,
And as we know) remaines with Tamburlain,
His Highneſſe pleaſure is that he ſhould liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

A Spy. An hundred horſemen of my companie
Scowting abroad vpon theſe champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make report it far exceeds the Kings.

Mean. Suppoſe they be in number infinit,
Yet being void of Martiall diſcipline,
All running headlong after greedie ſpoiles:

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And more regarding gaine than victorie:
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the teeth of Dragons venemous,
Their carelesse swords shall launch their fellowsthroats
And make vs triumph in their overthrow.
Myc. Was their such brethren, sweet Meander, say
That sprong of teeth of Dragons venemous?
Mean. So Poets say my Lord.
Myce. And tis a prettie toy to be a Poet.
Well, wel (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And having thee, I have a iewell sure:
Go on my Lord, and give your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.
Mean. Then noble souldiers to intrap these theeues
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may prevaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall fling in every corner of the field:
And while the base borne Tartars take it by,
You fighting more for honor than for gold:
Shall massacre those greedie minded slaues.
And when their scattered armie is subdu'd:
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlmen in Persia,
Strike vp the Drum and martch courragiously,
Fortune her selfe doth sit vpon our Crests.
Myc. He tels you true, my maisters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not when Mean. speaks. Exeunt.

Actvs II. Scæna. III.

Cosroe. Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Ortygius, with others.

Cos.

Now

Now worthy Tamburlaine, haue I reposd,
In thy appointed Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man, shal come of our attempts?
For euen as from assured oracle,
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord,
For fates and Oracles, heauen haue sworne,
To roialise the deeds of Tamburlaine:
And make them blest that share in his attempts,
And doubt you not, but if you fauour mee,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To scorne direction in your martial deeds.
The world will striue with hoste of men at armes,
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support,
The hoste of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drinke the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handfull to that we will haue.
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Ioues dreadfull Thunderbolts,
Enrolde in flames and fiery smoldering mistes,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopian warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march,
Weel chase the Starres from heauen, and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admyred armes. (hath.

The. You see my Lord, what working wordes hee
But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shalbe commended and excuse
For turning my poore charge to his direction.
And these his two renowmed friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and striue to be retaind
In such a great degree of amity.

Tech. With duty not with amitie we yelde
Our vtmost seruice to the faire Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteeme as portion of my crowne
Vsumcasane and Techelles both.

When ſhee that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a paſſage for all proſperous Armes:
Shal make me ſolely Emperour of Aſia,
Then ſhall your meeds and vallours be aduaunſt
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.

Tam. Then haſt Coſroe to be king alone,
That I with theſe my friends & all my men,
May triumph in our long expected Fate,
The King your brother is now hard at hand,
Meete with the foole, and rid your royall ſhoulders
Of ſuch a burden, as ouerweighs the ſands
And all the craggie rockes of Caſpea.

Meſſ. My Lord, we haue diſcouered the enemie
Readie to Charge you with a mightie army.

Coſ. Come Tamburlain, now whet thy winged ſword
And lift thy loftie arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Perſeas crowne,
And ſet it faſe on my victorious head.

Tam. See where it is, the keeneſt Cutle-axe,
That ere made paſſage thorow Perſean Armes,
Theſe are the wings ſhall make it flie as ſwift,
As doath the lightening or the breath of heauen,
And kill as ſure as it ſwiftly flies.

Coſ. Thy words aſſure me of kind ſucceſſe:
Go valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.

Tam. Vſumcaſane and Techelles come,
We are enow to ſcarre the enemie,
And more than needes to make an Emperour.

To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with his Crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurſt be he that firſt inuented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not ſimple men,
How thoſe were hit by pelting Cannon ſhot,
Stand ſtaggering like a quiuering Aſpen leafe,

Fearing

Fearing the force of Boreas boistrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not given me wisedomes lore?
For kings are clouts that every man shoots at
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seeke to cleane.
Therefore in politicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Strategem,
And far from any man that is a foole.
So shall not I be knowne, or if I bee,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tam. What fearefull coward straggling from the camp,
When Kings themselues are present in the field.
Myc. Thou liest.
Tam. Base villaine, darst thou give the lie?
Myc. I way, I am the King: go, touch me not.
Thou breakst the law of Armes unlesse thou kneele.
And cry me mercie, noble King.
Tam. Are you the witty King of Persea?
Myc. I marrie am I: have you any suite to me?
Tam. I would intreate you to speake but three wise words.
Myc. So I can when I see my time,
Tam. Is this your Crowne?
Myc. I, Didst thou ever see a fairer?
Tam. You will not sell it, will ye? (cuted
Myc. Such another word, and I will have thee exe-
Come give it me.
Tamb. No, I woke it prisoner.
Myc. You lie, I gave it you.
Tam. Then tis mine
Myc. No, I meane I let you keepe it.
Tam. Well I meane you shal have it againe.
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men.

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Then ſhalt thou ſee me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine.
Myce. O Gods is this Tamburlaine the thiefe?
I marueile much he ſtole it not away.
Sound trompets to the battell, and he runs in.
Coſroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander,
Ortygius, Techelles, Vſumeaſane, with others.
Tam. Hold thee Coſr. weare two imperiall crownes,
Thinke thee inueſted nowe as royally,
Euen by the mightie hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompaſſe thee,
With greateſt pompe had crown'd thee Emperour.
Coſr. So doe I thrice renowmed man at armes,
And none ſhall keepe the crowne but Tamburlaine:
Thee doe I make my Regent of Perſea,
And generall Lieftenant of my Armies.
Meander, you that were our brothers Guide,
And chiefe Counſailor in all his actes,
Since he is yeelded to the ſtroke of warre,
On your ſubmiſſion we with thankes excuſe,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.
Mean. Moſt happie Emperour in humbleſt tearmes,
I vow my ſeruice to your Maieſtie,
With vtmoſt vertue of my fait hand ductie.
Coſr. Thankes good Meander, then Coſroe raygne,
And gouerne Perſia in her former pompt:
Now ſend Ambaſſage to thy neighbor Kinges,
And let them know the Perſian King is chang'd:
From one that knew not what a King ſhould doe,
To one that can commaund what longs thereto:
And now we will to faire Perſepolis,
With twentie thouſande expert ſouldiers.
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,
With little ſlaughter take Meanders courſe,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:
And Menaphon, my truſtie friender,

Now

Now will I gratifie your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Ort. And as we euer and at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honor is deserv'd,
So will we with our powers and lives,
Indeuor to preserue and prosper it.
Cosr. I will not thanke thee (sweete Ortigius)
Better replies shall prooue my purposes.
And now Lord Tamburlaine, my brothers Campe
I leaue to thee, and to Theridamas,
To follow me to fayre Persepolis.
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,
My wittiefie brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and victorie.
And till thou ouertake me Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troppes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happy friendes,
I long to sit vppon my brothers throne,
Mean. Your Maiestie shall shortly haue your wish.
And ride in triumph through Persepolis Exeunt.
Manent Tamb. Tech. Ther. Vsum.
Tamb. And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Is it not braue to bee a King, Techelles?
Vsumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Tech. O my Lord, tis sweete and full of pompe,
Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to bee a God.
Ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they inioy in heauen
Cannot compare with kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a Crowne enchac'd with pearle and Golde,
Whose vertues carrie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue: commaund and be obeyed.
When loues braue loue, with loue to gaine the prize.
Such power attractiue shines in Princes eyes.
Tambur.

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Tam. Why ſay Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
Ther. May, though I praiſe it, I can liue without it.
Tam. What ſayes my other friends, will you be kings?
Tech. I, if I could with all my heart my Lord.
Tam. Why that's wel ſaid Techelles, ſo would I,
And ſo would you my maiſters, would you not?
Vſum. What then my Lord?
Tam, Why then Caſanes ſhall we wiſh for ought
The world affords in greateſt noueltie,
And reſt attemptleſſe faint and deſtitute?
Me thinks we ſhould not, I am ſtrongly moou'd,
That if I ſhould deſire the Perſean Crowne,
I could attaine it with a woondrous eaſe,
And would not all our ſouldiers ſoone conſent,
If we ſhould aime at ſuch a dignitie?
Ther. I know they would with our perſwasions.
Tam. Why then Theridamas, Ile firſt aſſay,
To get the Perſean Kingdome to my ſelfe
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia and Medea.
And if I proſper, all ſhall be as ſure,
As if the Turke, the Pope, Affrike and Greece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apace.
Tech. Then ſhall we ſend to this triumphing King,
And bid him battell for his noueil crowne?
Vſum. May quickly then, before his rome be hot.
Tam. Twil proue a prettie ieſt (in faith) my friends.
The. A ieſt to charge an hundred thouſand men?
I iudge the purchaſe more important far.
Tam Iudge by thy ſelfe Theridamas, not me,
For preſently Techelles here ſhall haſt.
To bid him battel ere he paſſe too farre,
And loſe more labor than the gaine will quite.
Then ſhalt thou ſee this Scythian Tamburlain,
Make but a ieſt to win the Perſean crowne
Techelles, take a thouſand horſe with thee,
And bid him turne his backe to war with vs.

That

That onely made him King to make bs ſport.
We will not ſteale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning and more warriours.
Haſte thee Techelles, we will follow thee.
What ſaith Theridamas?
Ther. Goe on for me. Exeunt.

Actvs. II. Scæna. VI.

Coſroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with other Souldiers.

Coſ.

What meanes this deuilish shepheard to aſpire
With ſuch a giantly preſumption,
To caſt vp hils againſt the face of heauen:
And dare the force of angry Iupiter.
But as he thruſt them vnderneath the hils,
And preſt out fire from their burning iawes:
So will I ſend this monſtrous ſlaue to hell,
Where flames ſhal euer feed vpon his ſoule.

Mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernall, mixt
Their angry ſeedes at his conception:
For he was neuer ſprong of humaine race,
Since with the ſpirit of his fearefull pride,
He dares ſo doubtleſſy reſolue of rule.
And by profeſſion be ambitious.

Ort. What God or Feend, or ſpirit of the earth,
Or Monſter turned to a manly ſhape,
Or of what mould or mettel he be made,
What ſtar or ſtate ſoeuer gouern him,
Let bs put on our meet incountering mindes,
And in deteſting ſuch a diueliſh Thiefe,
In loue of honor and defence of right
Be arm'd againſt the hate of ſuch a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he growe.

Coſ. Nobly reſolu'd my good Ortygius.

And

And ſince we all haue ſuckt on wholſome aire,
And with the ſame proportion of Elements,
Reſolue, I hope we are reſembled,
Vowing our loues to equall death and life,
Let's cheere our ſouldiers to incounter him,
That grieuous image of ingratitude:
That fiery thirſter after Soueraignitie:
And burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and Empery.
Reſolue my Lords and louing ſouldiers now,
To ſaue your king and country from decay:
Then ſtrike vp Drum, and all the ſtarres that make
The loathſome Circle of my dated life.
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus oppoſeth him againſt the Gods,
And ſcornes the Powers that gouerne Perſea.
Enter to the battel, & after the battell, enter Coſroe wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlain, Techelles, Vſumcaſane, with others.

Coſ. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to depriue me of my crowne and life.
Treacherous and falſe Theridamas,
Euen at the morning of my happie ſtate,
Scarce being ſeated in my royall throne,
To worke my downfall and vntimely end.
An vncouth paine torments my grieued ſoule,
And death arreſts the organe of my voyce.
Who entring at the breach thy ſword hath made,
Sackes euery vaine and arrier of my heart,
Bloodie and inſatiate Tamburlaine.

Tam. The thirſt of raigne and ſweetnes of a crowne,
That cauſd the eldeſt ſonne of heauenly Ops,
To thruſt his doting father from his chaire,
And place himſelfe in the Empriall heauen,
Moou'd me to menage armes againſt thy ſtate.
What better preſident than mightie Ioue?

Nature

Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds:
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure every wandring planets course,
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
And always moning as the restles spheares,
Wils vs to wearc our selues & neuer rest,
Vntill we reach the ripest fruites of all,
That perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. And that made me to ioyne with Tamburlain,
For he is grosse and like the massie earth,
That moues not vpwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.

Tech. And that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian King.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust olde Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crowne.
So do we hope to raigne in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persea.

Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodlesse bodie waxeth chill and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound,
My soule begins to take her flight to hell,
And summonces all my senses to depart:
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both:
Is dric and colde, and now doth gastly death
With greedie tallents gripe my bleeding hart,
And like a Harpye tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tamb.

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Tam. Not al the curſes which thy furies breath,
Shal make me leaue ſo rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles and the reſt,
Who thinke you now is king of Perſea?
All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlain. (armes;
Tam. Though Mars himſelfe the angry God of
And all the earthly Potentates conſpire,
To diſpoſſeſſe me of this Diadem:
Yet wil I weare it in deſpight of them
As great commander of this Eaſtearne world,
If you but ſay that tamburlaine ſhall raigne.
All. Long liue Tamburlain, and raigne in Aſia.
Tam. So, now it is more fitter on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
And all pronounſt me king of Perſea.

Finis Actvs. II.

Actvs. III. Scæna. I.

Baiazeth, the kinges of Feſſ. Moroco, and Argier, with others in, great pompe.

Baiazeth.

GReat Kings of Barbary, and my mightie Vaſſals,
I wel heare, the Tartars and the Eaſterne theeues:
Vnder the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Preſume a bickering with your Emperour:
And thinks to rouſe vs from our dreadfull ſiege
Of the famous Grecian Conſtantinople.
You know our armie is inuincible:
As many circumcized Turkes we haue,
And warlike bands of Chriſtians renyed,
As hath the Ocean or the Terrene ſea
Small drops of water, when the Moon begins
To ioyne in one her ſemi-circled hornes:
Yet would we not be brau'd with forrain power,
Nor raiſe our ſiege before the Grecians yeeld.
Or breathleſſe lie before the city walles.

Feſſ.

Fell. Renowmed Emperour and mightie Generall
What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard,
To charge him to remaine in Asia,
Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,
As from the mouth of mightie Bajazeth.
Bai. Hie thee my Basso fast to Persea,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
Dread Lord of Affrike, Europe and Asia,
Great King and conqueror of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole-blake sea,
The high and highest Monarke of the world,
Wils and commands (for say not I intreat)
Not once to set his foot in Affrica,
Or spread his collours in Grecia.
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant minde.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to menage Armes with me,
Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.
And if before the Sunne haue measured heauen
With triple circuit thou regreet vs not,
We meane to take his mornings next arise.
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
And meane to fetch thee in despight of him.
Bass. Most great and puisant Monarke of the earth,
Your Basso will accomplish your behest:
And shew your pleasure to the Persean,
As fits the Legate of the stately Turke. Exit. Bass.
Arg. They say he is the king of Persea.
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
Bai. True (Argier) and tremble at my lookes.
Moro. The spring is hindered by your smothering host,
For neither rain can fall vpon the earth,

Nor Sun reflexe his vertuous beames thereon:
The ground is mantled with ſuch multitudes.
Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet.
And all the trees are blaſted with our breathes.
Fesſ. What thinks your greatnes beſt to be atchiev'd
In purſuit of the Cities overthrow?
Bai. I will the captive Pioners of Argier,
Cut off the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the citie from the mountain Carnon,
Two thouſand horſe ſhal forrage up and downe,
That no reliefe or ſuccour come by land.
And all the ſes my Gallies countermaund.
Then ſhall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulfe
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians ſhalbe conquered. Exeunt.

Actvs III. Scæna. II.

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

MAdam Zenocrate, may I preſume
To know the cauſe of theſe unquiet fits:
That worke ſuch trouble to your wonted reſt:
'Tis more then pitty ſuch a heavenly face
Should by hearts ſorrow wax ſo wan and pale,
When your offenſive rape by Tamburlain,
(Which of your whole diſpleaſures ſhould be moſt)
Hath ſeem'd to be digeſted long agoe.
zen. Although it be digeſted long agoe,
As his exceeding favours have deſerv'd,
And might content the Queene of heaven as well:
Yet ſince a farther paſſion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaſeleſſe and diſconſolate conceits,
Which dies my lookes ſo liveleſſe as they are,

And

And might, if my extreames had full euents,
Make me the gaudy counterfeit of death.
Agyd. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolu'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbes siluer eie,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate.
Zen. Ah, life, and soule still houer in his breast,
And leaue my body senceless as the earth.
Or els vnite you to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with Tamburlaine.
Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.
Agyd. With Tamburlaine? Ah faire Zenocrate
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despight,
And keeps you from the honors of a Queene,
Being supposde his worthlesse Concubine:
Be honored with your loue, but for necessitie.
So now the mightie Soldan heares of you,
Your Highnesse needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction
Redeeme you from this deadly seruitude.
Zen. Leaue to vnwind me with these words,
And speake of Tamburlaine as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is far from villanie or seruitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.
Agyd. How can you fancie one that looks so fierce,
Onely disposed to martiall Stratagems?
Who when he shal embrace you in his armes
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.
And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood:
Too harsh a subiect for your daintie eares.
Zen. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her armes.
So looks my Lordly loue, faire Tamburlaine:
His talke much sweeter than the Muses song,

They ſung for honor gainſt Pierides,
Or when Minerua did with Neptune ſtrine,
And higher would I reare my eſtimate,
Than Iuno ſtter to the higheſt God,
If I were matcht with mightie Tamburlaine.
Agid. Yet be not ſo inconſtant in your loue,
But let the young Arabian liue in hope,
After your reſcue to inioy his choiſe,
You ſee though firſt the King of Perſea
(Being a ſhepheard) ſeem'd to loue you much,
Now in his maieſty he leaues thoſe lookes,
Thoſe words of fauour, and thoſe comfortings,
And giues no more than common courteſies.
Zen. Thence riſe the tears that ſo diſtaine my cheeks,
Fearing his loue through my vnworthyneſſe.
Tamburlaine goes to her, and takes her away louingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas, and ſaies nothing.
Agid. Betraide by fortune and ſuſpitious loue,
Threatned with frowning wrath and iealouſie,
Surpriz'd with feare and hideous reuenge,
I ſtand aghaſt: but moſt aſtonied
To ſee his choller ſhut in ſecrete thoughtes,
And wrapt in ſilence of his angry ſoule.
Vpon his browes was pourtraid bgly death,
And in his eies the furies of his heart,
That ſhine as Comets, menacing reueng,
And caſts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the Sea-man ſees the Hyades
Gather an armie of Cemerian clouds,
(Auſter and Aquilon with winged Steeds
All ſweating, tilt about the watery heauens,
With ſhiuering ſpeares enforcing thunderclaps,
And from their ſhields ſtrike flames of lightening)
All fearefull folds his ſailes, and ſounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aid,

Againſt

Againſt the terrour of the Winds and Waues.
So fares Agydas for the late felt frownes
That ſent a tempeſt to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my ſoule deuine her ouerthrow.
Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.
Tech. See you Agydas how the King ſalutes you.
He bids you prophecie what it importes Exit.
Agyd. I prophecied before, and now I proue,
The killing frownes of icalouſie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For words are baſe where working toles preſent
The naked action of my threatned end.
It ſaies, Agydas, thou ſhalt ſurely die,
And of extremities elect the leaſt,
More honor and leſſe paine it may procure,
To dy by this reſolued hand of thine,
Than ſtay the torments, he and heauen haue ſworne.
Then haſte Agydas, and preuent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage.
Remoued from the torments and the hell:
Where with he may excruciate thy ſoule,
And let Agydas by Agydas die.
And with this ſtab ſlumber eternally.
Tech. Vſumcaſane, ſee how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vſum. Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done:
And ſince he was ſo wiſe and honorable,
Let vs afford him now the bearing hence,
And crane his triple worthy buriall.
Tech. Agreed Caſane, we will honor him.

ACT VS. III. SCENA. III.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vſumcaſane, Theridamas, Baſſoe, Zenocrate, with others.

Tamburlaine.

Baſſoe, by this thy Lord and maiſter knowes,
I meane to meet him in Bithynia:
See how he comes Tush, Turkes are full of brags
And menace more than they can well performe:
He met me in the field and fetch thee hence?
Alaſſe (poore Turke) his fortune is too weake,
T'incounter with the ſtrength of Tamburlaine.
View well my Camp, and ſpeake indifferently,
Do not my captaines and my ſouldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer Affrica?
Baſſ. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terriſie his mightie hoſt,
My Lord the great Commander of the world,
Beſides fifteene contributory kings,
Hath now in armes ten thouſand Janiſaries,
Mounted on luſty Mauritanian Steeds,
Brought to the warby men of Tripoly.
Two hundred thouſand footmen that have ſerv'd
In two ſet battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he thinke good, can from his garriſons,
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
Tech. The more he brings, the greater is the ſpoyle,
For when they periſh by our warlike hands,
We meane to ſet our footmen on their Steeds,
And rifle all thoſe ſtately Janiſars.
Tam. But will thoſe kings accompany your Lorde?
Baſſ. Such as his Highneſſe pleaſe, but ſome muſt ſtay
To rule the prouinces hee late ſubdude.
Tam. Then fight courageouſly, their crowns are yours,
This hand ſhal ſet them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of Aſia.
Vſum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Weſterne Affrica and Greece:
Yet we aſſure vs of the victorie.
Ther. Even he that in a trice vanquiſht two kings,

More

More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie: til they yeeld or die.
Tam. Well said Theridamas, speake in that mood,
For wil and shall best fitteth Tamburlain,
Whose smiling stars give him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meet his foes:
I that am rearm'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Will first subdue the Turke, and then inlarge
Those Christian Captives, which you keepe as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked row about the Terrene sea.
And when they chance to rest or breath a space,
Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
That they lie panting on the Galleis side.
And striue for life at euery stroke they giue.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damned traine, the scum of Affrica,
Inhabited with straggling Runnagates,
That make quick hauocks of the Christian blood.
But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Affrica.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contributory Kings.

Bai. Bassoes and Ianisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.
Tam. Techelles, and the rest prepare your swordes,
I meane to incounter with that Baiazeth.
Bai. Kings of Fesse, Morocco and Argier,
He calls me Baiazeth, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
I tel thee villaine, those that lead my horse

Haue to their names tytles of dignitie,
And dar'ſt thou bluntly cal me Baiazeth? (horſe,
Tam. And know thou Turke, that thoſe which lead my
Shall lead thee Captiue thorow Affrica.
And dar'ſt thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Bai. By Mahomet, my Kinſmans ſepulcher,
And by the holy Alcaron I ſweare,
He ſhall be made a chaſte and luſtleſſe Eunuch,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus ſtoutly ſtand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Empereſſe,
Whom I haue brought to ſee their ouerthrow.
Tam. By this my ſword that conquerd Perſea,
Thy fall ſhall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how I le handle thee,
But euery common ſouldier of my Camp
Shall ſmile to ſee thy miſerable ſtate.
Feſ. What meanes the mightie Turkiſh Emperor
To talke with one ſo baſe as Tamburlaine?
Moro. Ye Moores and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye ſuffer theſe indignities?
Ar. I can e words & let theſe keene pointed lances
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.
Bai. Wel ſaid my ſtout contributorie kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoſte,
Shall ſwallow vp theſe baſe borne Perſeans.
Tech. Puiſſant, renowmed and mightie Tamburlaine,
Why ſtay we thus prolonging of their liues?
The. I long to ſee thoſe crowns ſoon by our ſwords
That we may rule as kings of Affrica.
Vſum. What Coward would not fight for ſuch a prize?
Tam. Fight all couragiouſly and be you kings,
I ſpeake it, and my words are oracles,
Bai. Zabina, mother of three braue boyes,
Than Hercules, that in his infancie
Did ſtrangle the iawes of Serpents venemous:

Whoſe

Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance:
Their shoulders broad, for complet armour fit,
Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats ysprong from Typhons loins:
Who, when they come vnto their fathers age,
Will batter Towers with their manly fists.
Sit here vpon this royall chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my Imperiall Crowne,
Vntill I bring this sturdie Tamburlaine,
And al his Captaines bound in captive chaines.

Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth.

Tam. Zenocrate, the loueliest maide aliue,
Fairer than rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
The onely Paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eies are brighter than the Lamps of heauen,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmonie:
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkened Skie:
And calme the rage of thundering Iupiter:
Sit downe by him and dazzle with my Crowne,
As if thou wert the Empresse of the world.
Stir not Zenocrate vntill thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing ouer him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as Vassals to thy feete.
Til then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And menage words with her as we will armes.

Zen. And may my Loue the king of Persea
Returne with victorie, and free from wound?

Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
Enough to couer all Bythinia,
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carkasses
Shall serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subdued, shal stand as mightie as before:

If

If they ſhould yeelde their necks vnto the ſword,
Thy ſouldiers armes could not indure to ſtrike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
Thou knowſt not (ſwifte hardie Tamburlaine)
What tis to meet me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.
Tam. Our conquering ſwords ſhal marſhal vs the way
We vſe to march vpon the ſlaughtered foe:
Trampling their bowels with our horſes hoofes:
Braue horſes, bred on the white Tartarian hils:
My Campe is like to Iulius Cæſars hoſte,
That neuer fought but had the victorie:
Nor in Pharſalia was there ſuch hot warre,
As theſe my followers willingly would haue
Regions of Spirits fleeting in the aire,
Direct our Bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our ſtrokes to wound the ſenceleſſe lute,
And when the ſees our bloodie Collours ſpread.
Then victorie begins to take her flight,
Reſting her ſelfe vpon my milk white Tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall,
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.
Exit, with his followers.
Bai. Come Kings and Vaſſoes, let vs glut our ſwords
That thirſt to drinke the feeble Perſeans blood.
Exit, with his followers.
Zab. Vile Concubine, muſt thou be plac'd by me
That am the Empreſſe of the mightie Turke?
Zen. Diſdainefull Turkeſſe and vnreuerend Boſſe,
Call'ſt thou me Concubine that am betroath'd
Vnto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?
Zab. To Tamburlaine the great Tartarian theefe?
Zen. Thou wilt repent theſe lauiſh words of thine
When thy great Vaſſoe-maiſter and thy ſelfe
Muſt plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And ſue to me to be your Aduocates.

Zab.

Zab. And ſue to thee? I tell thee ſhameleſſe girle,
Thou ſhalt be Landreſſe to my waiting maide:
How wilſt thou her Ebea, will ſhe ſerue?
Ebea. Madam, ſhe thinks perhaps ſhe is too fine,
But I ſhall turne her into other weeds.
And make her daintie fingers fall to worke.
Zen. Heard'ſt thou Anippe, how thy drudge doth talke,
And how my ſlaue, her miſtreſſe menaceth:
Both for their lawleſſe ſhalbe employed,
To dreſſe the common ſouldiers meat and drink:
For we will ſcorne they ſhould come neere our ſelues.
Anip. Yet ſometimes let your highneſſe ſend for them
To do the worke my chamber maid diſdaines.
They ſound the battell within, and ſtay.
Zen. Ye Gods and powers that gouerne Perſea,
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now ſtrengthen him againſt the Turkiſh Baiazeth,
And let his foes like flockes of fearefull Roes,
Purſude by hunters, flie his angry lookes,
That I may ſee him iſſue Conquerour.
Zab. Now Mahomet, ſolicite God himſelfe,
And make him rain downe murthering ſhot from heauen
To daſh the Scythians braines, and ſtrike them dead,
That dare to menage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy ſacred ſhrine,
When firſt he war'd againſt the Chriſtians
To the battell againe.
Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood
And Tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica: (ſound,
Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets
As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:
And led them captiue into Affrica.
Straight will I vſe thee as thy pride deſerues:
Prepare thy ſelfe to liue and die my ſlaue.
Zen. If Mahomet ſhould come from heauen & ſweare,
My royal Lord is ſlaine or conquered.

Yet

Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.
Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him.
The battell short, and they enter,
Baiazeth is ouercome.
Tam. Now King of Bassoes, who is Conqueror?
Bai. Thou by the fortune of this damned soile.
Tam. Where are your stout contributorie kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane.

(Exide.

Tech. We haue their crownes, their bodies strowe the
Tam. Each man a crown? why kingly fought ifaith
Deliuer them into my treasurie.
Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall Crowne againe, so highly won:
Tam. Nay take the Turkish Crowne from her. Zen.
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica.
Zab. No Tamburlaine, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.
Ther. Giue her the crowne Turkesse you were best.
He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate.
Zab. Iniurious villaines, theeues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Maiesty?
Ther. Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.
Tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes,
Are falne in clusters at my conquering feet.
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:
Tam. Not al the world shal ransome Baiazeth.
Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we haue lost the field,
And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
So great a foile by any forraine foe.
Now wil the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles:
And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.

But

Bur ere I die thoſe foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
For though the glorie of this day be loſt,
Affrike and Greece haue garriſons enough
To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.
Tam. Thoſe walled garriſons will I ſubdue,
And write my ſelfe great Lord of Affrica:
So from the Eaſt vnto the furtheſt Weſt,
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puiſant arme.
The Galles and thoſe pilling Bziggandines,
That yerely faile to the Venetian goulfe,
And houer in the ſtraightes for Chriſtians wracke,
Shall lie at anchor in the Ile Aſant.
Vntill the Perſian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the Oriental ſea,
Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:
Euen from Perſepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the ſtraights of Iubalter:
Where they ſhall meete, and ioine their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale.
And all the Ocean by the bright'ſt shore,
And by this meanes I'le win the World at laſt.
Bai. Yet ſet a ranſome on me Tamburlaine.
Tam. What, thinkſt thou Tamburlain eſteems thy gold?
I'le make the kings of India ere I die,
Offer their mines (to ſue for peace) to me,
And dig for treaſure to appeaſe my wrath:
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke,
The Turkeſſe let my Loues maid lead away.
They bind them.
Bai. Ah villaines, dare you touch my ſacred armes:
O Mahomet, O ſleepie Mahomet.
Zab. O curſed Mahomet that makeſt vs thus
The ſlaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.
Tam. Come bring them in, and for this happy conqueſt
Triumph, and ſolemnize a martiall feaſt.

Exeunt.

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Exeunt. Finis Actvs tertii.

Actvs. IIII. Scæna I.

Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin.

Soul. Awake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskes
That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe.
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troupe of theeves and vagabonds.
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace:
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowrie bankes of Nile,
As Crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thundering Cannons rattle on their skins.

Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan) did your greatnesse see
The frowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eies,
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royall maiestie.

Soul. Villain I tel thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of Hel,
The Souldan would not start a foot from him.
But speake what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing Steedes disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Five hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
Shaking their swordes, their speares and pronbils,
Environing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thornie wood,
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Soul. Nay could their numbers countervaile the ſtars
Or drizling drops of April showers,

Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh down,
Yet would the Soudane by his conquering power:
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man shal liue to rue their fal.
Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste,
But Tamburlaine, by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.
Soul. Let him take all th'aduantages he can,
Were al the world conspired to fight for him,
Nay, were he Deuil, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whome he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darknesse of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tents,
White is their hew, and on his siluer crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
To signifie the mildnesse of his minde,
That satiate with spoile refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath be quencht with blood.
Not sparing any that can menage armes:
But if these threates moone not submission,
Blacke are his colloures, blacke Pauilion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Ietty Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of sex, degree or age.
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soul. Merciles villaine, Peasant ignorant
Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades.
The name vsurps the glorious name of war.

Hee

See Capolin the faire Arabian king,
That hath bene diſapointed by this slaue:
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue:
May haue freſh warning to go warre with vs,
And be reueng'd for her diſpardgement.

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. II.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumcaſane, Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth in his cage, and his wife following him.

Tamb. BRing out my foot-ſtoole.

They take him out of the cage.

Bai. Ye holy Prieſts of heauenly Mahomet,
That ſacrificing flice and cut your fleſh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heauen to frowne and euery fixed ſtarre
To ſucke vp poiſon from the Moorish Fens,
And poure in this glorious Tyrants throat.

Tam. The chiefeſt God firſt mouer of that Spheare,
Enchac'd with thouſands euer ſhining lamps,
Will ſooner burne the glorious frame of Heauen,
Then ſhould it ſo conſpire my ouerthrow.
But villaine, thou that wiſheſt this to me,
Fall proſtrate on the lowe diſdainful earth,
And be the footſtoole of great Tamburlain,
That I may riſe vnto my royall throne.

Bai. Firſt ſhalt thou rip my bowels with thy ſword,
And ſacrifice my ſoule to death and hell,
Before I yeeld to ſuch a ſeruery.

Tam. Baſe villain, vaſſall, ſlaue to Tamburlaine:
Vnworthy to vnbrace or touch the ground,
That beares the honor of my royall waight.
Stoop villaine, ſtoop, ſtoope for ſo he bids,
That may commaund thee peecemeale to be torne,
Or ſcattered like the lofty Cedar trees.

Strooke

Strooke with the voice of thundring Iupiter.
Baj. Then as I looke downe to thy damned Feends,
Feends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell,
With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.
He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.
Tam. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
And let the maiestie of heauen behold
Their Scourge and terrour treade on Emperours,
Smile Starres that raign'd at my nativity:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbour Lamps,
Disdaine to borrow light of Cynthia,
For I the chiefest Lampe of all the earth,
First rising in the East with milde aspect,
But fixed now in the Meridian line,
Will send vp fire to your turning Spheares,
And cause the Sun to borrow light of you.
My sword stroke fire from his coat of steele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke:
As when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I march to wealthy Persea,
Or leaue Damascus and the Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymenes brain-sicke sonne,
That almost burnt the axeltree of heauen.
So shall our swords, our lances and our shot,
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors.
Then when the Sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shalbe said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me thinke of nought but blood and war.
Zab. Vnworthy king, that by thy cruelties
Vnlawfully vsurpest the Persean seat:
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,

Being thy Captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly bodie in a cage,
That roofes of gold and sun-bright Pallaces,
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Affrica haue kist.
Tech. You must deuise some torment worse, my Lorde
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.
Tam. Zenocrate, loke better to your slaue:
Zen. She is my handmaides slaue, and she shall loke
That these abuses flow not in her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark naked.
Bai. Great Tamburlaine, great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as lowe,
For treading on the backe of Baiazeth,
That should be horsed on foure mighty kings.
Tam. Thy names and tytles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of kings.
Put him in againe.
Bai. Is this a place for mighty Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
Tam. There whiles he liues, shal Baiazeth be kept:
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawen:
And thou his wife shal feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring thee from my boord.
For he that giues him other food than this:
Shal sit by him and starue to death himselfe,
This is my minde, and I will haue it so
Not all the kings and Emperours of the earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shal ransome him or take him from his cage.
The ages that shal talke of Tamburlaine,

Euen

Euen from this day to Plutoes wondrous yeare,
Shal talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These Mores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shal lead him with vs whereso're we goe.
Techelles, and my louing followers,
Now may we see Damascus lofty towers,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Aegyptian fields:
The golden statue of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings vpon the citty walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townes-men maske in siluer and cleath of gold,
And euery house is as a treasurie:
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.

Tam. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the gates
And gentle flags of amity displaid,
I doubt not but the Gouernour will yeeld,
Offering Damascus to your Maiestie.

Tam. So shall he haue his life and all the rest.
But if he stay vntill the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.
And when they see me march in black aray,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heds
Were in that city all the world contain'd:
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

Zen. Yet would you haue some pitty for my sake,
Because it is my countries and my Fathers.

Tam. Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue sworn
Come bring in the Turke. Exeunt.

ACTVS. IIII. SCÆNA. III.

Souldane, Arabia, Capolin, with streaming collors and Souldiers.

Souldan. METhinkes we march as Meliager did,
Enuironed with braue Argolian knights:
To chace the ſauage Calidonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with luſtie Thebane youths,
Againſt the Wolfe that angrie Themis ſent,
To waſte and ſpoyle the ſweete Aonian fields.
A monſter of fiue hundred thouſand heades,
Compact of Rapine, Pyracie, and ſpoile.
The ſcumme of men, the hate and ſcourge of God,
Raues in Egyptia, and annoyeth vs.
My Lord it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A ſturdy fellon a baſe-bred theefe:
By murder raiſed to the Perſian crowne,
That dare controll vs in our territories.
To tame the pride of this preſumptuous beaſt,
Ioyne your Arabians with the Souldans power:
Let vs vnite our royall bands in one,
And haſten to remoue Damaſcus ſiege,
It is a blemiſh to the Maieſtie
And high eſtate of mightie Emperours,
That ſuch a baſe vſurping vagabonde
Should braue a king, or weare a princely crowne.
Ara. Renowned Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bythinia?
The ſlaughter wherewith hee perſecutes
The noble Turke and his great Empereſſe.
Soul. I haue, and ſorrow for his bad ſucceſſe:
But noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be ſo perſwaded, that the Souldan is
No more diſmaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot ſtandes
And bids his ſtrangers ſhip rent in the windes,
And ſhiuered againſt a craggie roche,
Yet in compaſſion of his wretched ſtate,
A ſacred vow to heauen and him I make.

Con-

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Confirming it with his holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the houre
Wherein he wrought such ignominous wrong,
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the fayre Zenocrate so long,
As concubine, I feare to feed his lust.
Ara. Let griefe and furie hasten on revenge,
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feele
Such plagues as heaven and we can power on him.
I long to breake my speare upon his crest,
And prooue the weight of his victorious arme:
For fame I feare hath beene too prodigall:
In sounding through the world his partiall prayse.
Soul. Capolin, hast thou surveyd our powers?
Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fiftie thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foote, braue men at armes,
Courageous and full of hardinesse:
As frolike as the hunters in the chace:
Of sauage beastes amid the desart woods.
Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And Tamburlaine; my spirite doth foresee
The bitter ruine of thy men and thee. (drums.
Soul. Then reare your standards, let your sounding
Direct our souldiers to Damascus walles,
Now Tamburlaine the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,
To dim thy basenesse and obscuritie,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoyle,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue,
Of Scithians and Cauish Persians. Exeunt

ACTVS. III. SCENA. V

The Banquet & to it commeth Tam. al in ſcarlet, Theridamas, Techelles, Vſumcaſane, the Turke with others.
Tamb.

NOw hang our bloody colloures by Damaſcus,
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads.
While they walke quiuering on their citie walles,
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouſe
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That meanes to fil your helmets ful of Gold:
And make Damaſcus ſpoiles as rich to you,
As was to Iaſon Colchos golden fleece.
And now Baiazeth, haſt thou any ſtomacke?
Bai. I, ſuch a ſtomacke (cruel Tamburlaine) as I could,
Willingly feed vpon thy blood-raw heart.
Tam. Nay, thine owne is eaſier to come by, pluck out that
And twit Zenocrate and thy wife: well Zenocrate,
Techelles, and the reſt, fall to your victuals.
Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digeſt,
Ye furies that can maſſe in mans bole,
Diue to the bottome of Auernas poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poiſon vp,
And ſqueaſe it in the cup of Tamburlain,
Or ſwinged ſnakes of Lerna caſt your ſtings,
And leane your venoms in this Tyrants diſh.
Zab. And may this banquet proue as ominous,
As Progne to th'adulterous Thracian king,
That fed vpon the ſubſtance of his child.
Zen. My Lord, how can you ſuffer theſe outragious (curſes
By theſe ſlaues of yours?
Tam. To let them ſee (diuine Zenocrate)
I gloze in the curſes of my foes,
Hauing the power from the Emperiall heauen,
To turne them all vpon their proper heads.
Tech. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this ſpeech

ſpæch is a goodly refreſhing for them.

Ther. But if his highneſſe would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

Tam. Sirra, why fat you not too, are you ſo daintily brought vp, you cannot eat your own fleſh?

Bai. Firſt legions of deuils ſhal teare thee in peeces.

Vſum. Villain, knoweſt thou to whom thou ſpeakeſt.

Tam. O let him alone: here, eat ſir, take it from my ſwords point, or Ile thruſt it to thy heart.

He takes it and ſtamps vpon it.

Ther. He ſtamps it vnder his feet my Lord.

Tam. Take it vp Villain, and eat it, or I will make thee ſlice the braunes of thy armes into carbonadoes, and eat them.

Vſum. May, twere better he kild his wife, & then ſhe ſhal be ſure not to be ſtarv'd, & he be prouided for a monethes victuall before hand.

Tam. Here is my dagger, diſpatch her while ſhe is fat, for if ſhe liue but a while longer, ſhe will fall into a conſumption with fretting, and then ſhee will not bee worth the eating.

Ther. Doſt thou thinke that Mahomet will ſuffer this?

Tech. Tis like he will, when he cannot let it

Tam. Go to, fal to your meat: what not a bit: belike he hath not bene watered to day, giue him ſome drinke.

They giue him water to drink, & he flings it on the ground

Faſte and welcome ſir, while hunger make you eat. How now Zenocrate, doth not the Turke and his wife make a goodly ſhow at a banquet?

Zen. Yes, my Lord.

Ther. He thinks, tis a great deale better than a conſort of muſick.

Tam. Yet muſicke would doe well to cheere vp Zenocrate: pray thee tell, why art thou ſo ſad? If thou wilt haue a ſong, the turk ſhal ſtrain his voice: but why is it?

Zen: My Lord, to ſee my fathers townes beſieg'd,

The country wasted where my selfe was borne,
How can it but afflict my very soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your maiesty
May merit fauor at your highnesse hands,
Then raise your siege from faire Damascus walles,
And with my father take a friendly truce.
Tam. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make loue to stoope,
I will confute those blind Geographers
That make a triple region in the world
Excluding Regions which I meane to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a Map
Calling the prouinces, Cities and townes
After my name and thine Zenocrate:
Here at Damascus will I make the Point
That shall begin the Perpendicular,
And wouldst thou haue me buy thy Fathers loue
With such a losse? Tell me Zenocrate.
Zen. Honor still waite on happie Tamburlaine:
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.
Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shalbe safe,
And all the friends of faire Zenocrate,
If with their liues they will be pleasde to yeeld,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour.
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.
Feed your slaue, thou maist thinke thy selfe happy to be
fed from my trencher.
Bai. My empty stomacke ful of idle heat,
Drawes blodie humours from my feeble partes,
Preseruing life, by hasting cruell death:
My vaines are pale, my sinowes hard and drie,
My ioints benumbd, vnlesse I eat, I die.
Zab. Eat Baiazeth, Let vs liue in spight of them,
Looking some happie power will pittie and inlarge vs
Tam. Here turke, Wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai.

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Bai. I Tyrant and more meat.

Tam. Soft Sir, you must be dieted, too much eating will make you surfeit.

Ther. So it would my Lord, specially having so small a walke and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes,

Tam. Theridamas, Techelles and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

Ther. I (my Lorde) but none saue kings must feede with these.

Tech. 'Tis enough for vs to see them, and for Tamburlaine onely to enioy them.

Tam. Well, here is now to the Soudan of Egypt the King of Arabia, and the Gouernour of Damascus. Now take these three crownes, and pledge me, my contributorie kings.

I crowne you here (Theridamas) King of Argier: Techelles King of Fesse, and Vlumcasane King of Morocus. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie kings.

Bai. Nor shall they long be mine, I warrant them.

Tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse,
You that haue marcht with happie Tamburlain,
As far as from the frozen place of heauen,
Vnto the watrie morning's ruddy bower.
And thence by land vnto the Torrid Zone,
Deserue these titles I endow you with.
By valure and by magnanimity.
Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame,
For vertue is the fount whence honor springs,
And they are worthy she inuesteth kings.

Ther. And since your highnesse hath so wel vouchsaft,
If we deserue them not with higher meeds
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,
Take them away againe and make vs slaues.

Tam. Wel said Theridamas, when holy Fates

Shall

Shal ſtabliſh me in ſtrong Egipte.
We meane to trauell to th' Antartique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feet.
And be renowmd as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Vntil with greater honors I be grac'd.

Finis Actvs quarti

Actvs V. Scæna. I.

The Gouernor of Damaſco, with three or four Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches of Laurell in their handes.

Go. Still dooth this man or rather God of warre
Batter our walles, & beat our towers downe,
And to reſiſt with longer ſtubbornneſſe,
Or hope of reſcue from the Soudans power,
Were but to bring our wilful ouerthrow,
And make vs deſperate of our threatned liues:
We ſee his tents haue now bene altered,
With terrours to the laſt and cruelſt howre:
His cole-blacke colours euery where aduanc'd,
Threaten our city with a generall ſpoile:
And if we ſhould with common rites of armes,
Offer our ſafeties to his clemencie,
I feare the cuſtome proper to his ſword,
Which he obſerues as parcel of his fame:
Intending ſo to terrifie the world,
By any innouation or remorſe,
Will neuer be diſpenc'd with til our deaths,
Therefore, for theſe our harmleſſe virgins ſakes,
Whoſe honors and whoſe liues relie on him:
Let vs haue hope that their vnſpotted prayers,
Their blubbered cheeks and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into ſome remorſe:
And vſe vs like a louing Conquerour

Virg

Virg. If humble ſuites or imprecations,
(vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shead from the hands and hearts of all our ſex,
Some made your Wiues, ſome your children,
Might haue intreated your obdurate breasts.)
To entertaine some cares of our securities,
Whiles only danger beat vpon our walles,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death,
Had neuer bene erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weake helps as we.
Go. Well, louely Virgins, think our countries care,
Our loue of honor loth to be inthral'd
To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes:
Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit your ſelues and vs to seruitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our owne
Your honors, liberties and liues were weigh'd
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our starres,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and power of warres,
Or be the meanes the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to quallifie these hot extreames,
And bring vs pardon in your chearefull lookes.
2. Virg. Then here before the maiestie of heauen,
And holy Patrones of Egipta,
With knees and hearts submisse we intreat
Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes,
That this deuise may prooue propitious,
And through the eies and eares of Tamburlaine,
Conuey cuents of mercy to his heart:
Graunt that these signes of victorie we yeeld
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy lookes of ruth and lenitie,

Leaue

Leaue vs my Lord and louing countrimen,
What ſimple Virgins may perſwade, we will.
Go. Farewel (ſweet Virgins) on whoſe ſafe return
Depends our citie, liberty and liues. Exeunt.

Act vs. V. Scena. II.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumcaſane, with o-thers: Tamburlaine all in blacke, and very melancholy.

Tam.

WHat, are the turtles fraid out of their neaſts?
Alas poore ſoules, muſt you be firſt that feel
The ſworne deſtruction of Damaſcus?
They knew my cuſtome, could they not as well
Haue ſent ye out, when firſt my milk-white flags
Through which ſweet mercie threw her gentle beames
Reflecting them on your diſdainfull eies:
But now when furie and incenſed hate
Flings ſlaughtering terror from my cole-black tents,
And tels for truth, ſubmiſſions comes too late?

1. Virgin. Moſt happy king and Emperor of the earth,
Image of Honor and Nobility,
For whome the powers diuine haue made thy world,
And on whoſe throne the holy Graces ſit,
In whoſe ſweet perſon is compriz'd the Sum
Of natures Skill and heauenly maieſtie:
Pittie our plightes, O pittie poore Damaſcus:
Pittie old age, within whoſe ſiluer haires
Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign'd,
Pittie the mariage bed, where many a Lord
In prime and glorie of his louing ioy:
Embraceth now with teares of ruth & blood.
The iealous body of his fearfull wife
Whoſe cheekes and hearts ſo punisht with conceit,
To thinke thy puiſant nerues ſtated arme
Will part their bodies, and preuent their ſoules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,

Now

Now wayal pale and withered to the death,
As wel for greefe our ruthleſſe Gouernour
Haue thus refuſde the mercy of thy hand,
(Whoſe ſcepter Angels kiſſe, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loues or liues,
O then for theſe and ſuch as we our ſelues,
For vs, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That neuer nouriſht thought againſt thy rule,
Pitie, O pitie, (ſacred Emperour)
The proſtrate ſeruice of this wretched towne.
And take in ſigne thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wiſht as worthy ſubiects happy meanes,
To be inueſted of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

Tam. Virgins in vaine you labour to preuent
That which mine honor ſweares ſhalbe performde:
Behold my ſword, what ſee you at the point?

Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall ſteele my Lord.

Tam. Your fearefull minds are thicke and miſty then
For there ſits death, there ſits imperious death,
Keeping his circuit by the ſlicing edge.
But I am pleaſde you ſhall not ſee him there,
He now is ſeated on my horſmens ſpeares:
And on their points his fleſhleſſe bodie feeds.
Techelles, ſtraight goe charge a few of them
To charge theſe Dames, and ſhew my ſeruant death,
Sitting in ſcarlet on their armed ſpeares.

Omnes. O pity vs

Tam. Away with them I ſay and ſhew them death,

They take them away.

I will not ſpare theſe proud Egyptians,
Nor change my Martiall obſeruations,
For al the wealth of Echons golden waues,
Or for the loue of Venus, would ſhee leaue
The angry God of Armes, and lie with me,

They

They haue refuſde the offer of their liues,
And know my cuſtomes are as peremptorie
As wrathful Planets, death, or deſtinie.
Enter Techelles.
What haue your horſmen ſhewen the Virgins death?
Tech. They haue my lord, and on Damaſcus walls
Haue hoiſted vp their ſlaughtered carcaſes.
Tam. A ſight as baneful to their ſoules I think,
As are Theſſalian drugs or Mithradate.
But goe my Lords, put the reſt to the ſword. Exeunt
Thy faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy paſſion for thy countries loue,
And feare to ſee thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire diſheueld wipſt thy watery cheeks:
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her ſiluer treſſes in the aire,
Rain'ſt on the earth reſolued pearle in ſhowers,
And ſprinkleſt Saphyrs on thy ſhining face,
Where beauty mother to the Muſes ſits,
And comments volumes with her Iuory pen:
Taking inſtructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that Ebena ſteps to heauen:
In ſilence of thy ſolemn euenings walke,
Making the mantle of the richeſt night.
The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
There Angels in their chriſtal armours fight
A doubtfull battel with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypts freedom and the Soldans life:
His life that ſo conſumes Zenocrate,
Whoſe ſorrowes lay more ſiege vnto my ſoule,
Than all my army to Damaſcus walles.
And neither Perſeans Soueraign, nor the Turk
Troubled my ſences with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, ſaith my ſufferings then?

If

If all the pens that euer poets held.
Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
And euery sweetnes that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admyred theames:
If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a myrrour we perceiue
The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
If these had made one Poems period
And all combind in beauties worthynesse,
Yet should there houer in their restlesse heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no vertue can digest:
But how vnseemely is it for my sex,
My discipline of armes and Chiualrie,
My nature and the terrour of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint:
Saue onely that sweet Beauties inst applause,
With whose faire beames the soule of man is toucht:
And euery warlike act that is wrapt with loue
Of fame, of valour, and of victorie
Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stoopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepheards flames.
And march in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shal giue the world to note for all my byrth,
That Vertue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobilitie.
Who's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Baiazeth bene fed to day?

An. I, my Lord.

Tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the town be ransackt.

Enter

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumcaſane, and others.

Tech. The town is ours my Lord, and freſh ſupply
Of conqueſt, and of ſpoile is offered vs:

Tam. Thats wel Techelles, what's the newes?

Tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together
Marcht on with vs with ſuch eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.

Tam. No more there is not I warrant thee Techelles.

They bring in the Turke.

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs ſaue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire Zenocrate, that ſo laments his ſtate.

Tam. That will we chiefly ſee vnto, Theridamas,
For ſweet Zenocrate, whoſe worthineſſe
Deſerues a conqueſt ouer euery hart:
And now my ſweete, if I loſe the field,
You hope of libertie and reſtitution:
Here let him ſtay my maiſters from their tents,
Till we haue made vs readie for the field.
Pray for vs Baiazeth, we are going. Exeunt.

Bai. So neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompaſſe thee about,
And gore thy bodie with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy horſe:
Furies from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands
Enforce thee run vpon the baneful pikes,
Volleyes of ſhot pierce through thy charmed skin
And euery bullet dipt in poiſned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons ſeuer all thy ioints,
Making thee mount as high as Eagles ſoare

Zab. Let all the ſwords and lances in the field,
Stricke in his breſt, as in their proper roomes,
At euery pore let blood come dropping forth.
That lingring paines may maſſacre his heart:
And madneſſe ſend his damned ſoule to hell.

Bai.

Bai. Thy faire Zabina we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermaunds the Gods,
More than Cymerian Stix or Destinie:
And then shal we in this detested guyse,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror pale
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.
Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end?
To our infamous monstrous slauerie:
Gape earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
As hell, as hopelesse and as full of feare
As are the blasted bankes of Erebus:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling grones,
Houer about the vgly Ferriman, to get a passage to Eli-
Why should we liue, O wretches, beggars, slaues (sium
Why liue we Baiazeth, and build vp neasts,
So high within the region of the aire,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That al the world wil see and laugh to scorne,
The former triumphs of our mightinesse,
In this obscure infernall seruitude?
Bai. O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
Than noisome parbreake of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fils the vaults of hel with standing aire,
Infecting al the Ghosts with curelesse griefes:
O dreary engins of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,
Thrust vnder foote and thraldome of a theefe.
Why fed ye stil on dates accursed beames,
And stake not quite into my tortur'd soule.
You see my wife, my Queene & Empericke,
Brought vp & plopped by the hand of faine,
Queene of fifteene contributorie Queenes,

Now thꝛowen to roomes of blacke obiection,
Smear'd with blots of baſeſt dꝛudgery:
And Villanieſſe to ſhame, diſdaine, and miſery:
Accurſed Baiazeth, whoſe wꝛoꝛdes of ruth,
That would with pity cheare Zabinas heart:
And make our ſoules reſolue in ceaſles teares,
Sharpe hunger bites vpon and gripes the rot:
From whence the iſſues of my thoughts doe bꝛeake,
O powꝛe Zabina, O my Queene, my Queen,
Fetch me ſome water foꝛ my burning bꝛeaſt,
To coole and comfoꝛt me with longer date,
That in the ſhoꝛtned ſequel of my life,
I may poure foꝛth my ſoule into thine armes,
With woꝛds of loue: whoſe moaning entercourſe
Hath hitherto bin ſtaid, with wꝛath and hate
Of our expꝛeſſe band inflictious.

Zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will pꝛolong thy life,
As long as any blood oꝛ ſparke of bꝛeath
Can quench oꝛ coole the toꝛments of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abꝛidge thy banefull daies,
And beat thy bꝛains out of thy conquer'd head:
Since other meanes are all foꝛbidden me,
That may be miniſters of my decay
O highеſt Lamp of euerliuing loue,
Accurſed day infected with my griefes,
Hide now thy ſtained face in endles night,
And ſhut the windowes of the lightſome heauens,
Let vgly darkeneſſe with her ruſty coach
Engꝛoſſe with tempeſts wꝛapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with neuer fading miſtes:
And let her hoꝛſes from their noſtrels bꝛeathe
Rebellious winds and dꝛeadfull thunderclaps:
That in this teꝛꝛour Tamburlaine may liue,
And my pin'd ſoule reſolu'd in liquid ayr,
May ſtil excruciate his toꝛmented thoughts.

Then

Then let the stony dart of senceless colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.
He braines himselfe against the cage.
Enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eies behold, my husband dead?
His scul all riuen in twaine, his brains dasht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and soueraigne?
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,
O Baiazeth, O Turk, O Emperor, giue him his liquor
Not I, bring milke and fire, and my blood I bring him
againe, teare me in peeces, & giue me the sword with a
ball of wildefire vpon it. Downe with him, down with
him. Goe to my child, away, away, away, Ah, saue that
Infant, saue him, saue him. I, euen I speake to her, the
Sun was downe. Streamers white. Red, Black, here
here, here. Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine,
Tamburlaine, Let the Souldiers be buried. Hel, Death,
Tamburlain, Hell, make ready my Coach, my chaire, my
teeces, I come, I come, I come.
She runs against the cage and brains her selfe.
Zenocrate with Anippe,

WWretched Zenocrate, that liuest to see,
Damascus walles di'd with Egyptian blood.
Thy Fathers subiects and thy country men:
Thy streetes strowed with dissencred ioints of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.
But most accurst, to see the Sun-bright troope
Of heauenly virgins and vnspotted maides,
Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,
To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue,
On horsmens lances to be hoisted vp,
And guiltlesly endure a cruel death.
For euery fell and stout Tartarian Steed,
That stampt on others with their thundering hoofes,
When all their riders charg'd their quiuering speares

Began to checke the ground, and ram themſelues
Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah Tamburlaine, wert thou the cauſe of this
That tearmeſt Zenocrate thy dearеſt loue?
Whoſe lines were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her owne life, or ought ſaue thine owne loue?
But ſee another bloudy ſpectacle.
Ah wretched eies, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with theſe grieuous obiects,
And tel my ſoule more tales of bleeding ruth?
See, ſee Anippe if they breath or no.

Anippe. No breath nor ſence, nor motion in them both
Ah madam, this their flauery hath enforc'd,
And ruthleſſe cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth caſt vp fountaines from thy entralles,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deathes:
Shake with their waight in ſigne of feare and griefe,
Blush heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death ſo barbarous,
Thoſe that are pryde of fickle Emperie,
And place their thiefeſt god in earthly pompe:
Behold the Turke and his great Empereſſe.
Ah Tamburlaine, my loue, ſweet Tamburlaine,
That fights for Scepters and for ſlippery crownes,
Behold the Turke and his great Empereſſe.
Thou that in conduct of thy happy ſtars,
Sleep'ſt euery night with conqueſt on thy browes,
And yet would'ſt ſhun the wauering turnes of war.
In feare and feeling of the like diſtreſſe,
Behold the Turke and his great Empereſſe.
Ah mightie loue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my loue, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and reſpect of pitie,
And let not conqueſt ruthleſſly purſewde
Be equally againſt his life incenſt,
In this great Turke and hapleſſe Empereſſe.

And

And pardon me that was not mou'd with ruth,
To ſee them liue ſo long in miſery:
Ah what may chance to thee Zenocrate:
Anip. Madam content your ſelfe and be reſolu'd,
Your loue hath fortune ſo at his commaund,
That ſhe ſhal ſtay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honor to adorne your head.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Zen. What other heauie newes now brings Philemus:
Phi. Madam your father and the Arabian king,
The firſt affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainſt Eneas did:
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battell gainſt my Lord the king.
Zen. Now ſhame and duty, loue and feare preſents
A thouſand ſorrowes to my martyred ſoule:
Whome ſhould I wiſh the fatall victory,
When my poore pleaſures are denided thus,
And racke by dutie from my curſed heart:
My father and my firſt betrothed loue,
Muſt fight againſt my life and preſent loue:
Wherein the change I bleſſe condemnes my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But as the Gods to end the Troyans toile,
Preuented Turnus of Lauinia,
And fatally enricht Eneas loue:
So for a ſmall Iſſue to my griefes,
To pacifie my country and my loue,
Muſt Tamburlaine by their reſiſtleſſe powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honor to my hope,
Then as the powers deuine haue preordainde,
With happy ſafty of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.
They ſound to the battell.

And Tamburlaine enioyes the victorie, after Arabia Enters wounded.

Ar. What curſed power guides the murthering hands
Of this infamous Tyrants ſouldiers.
That no eſcape may ſaue their enemies:
Nor fortune keepe them ſelues from victory.
Lye downe Arabia wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrates faire eies behold
That as for her thou bearſt theſe wretched armes,
Euen ſo for her thou diedſt in theſe armes:
Leauing my blood for witneſſe of thy loue.

Zen. To deare a witneſſe for ſuch loue my Lord,
Behold Zenocrate, the curſed obiect
Whoſe fortunes neuer mastered her griefes:
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. Then ſhall I die with full contented heart,
Hauing beheld deuine Zenocrate,
Whoſe ſight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth ſweetnes to my wound,
If I had not bene wounded as I am.
Ah that the deadly pangs I ſuffer now,
Would lend an howers licenſe to my tongue:
To make diſcourſe of ſome ſweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthies bondage.
And that I might be pryny to the ſtate,
Of thy deſeru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To driue all ſorrow from my fainting ſoule:
Since Death denies me further cauſe of ioy.
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy deſired hand ſhall cloſe mine eies.

Enter Tamburlaine leading the Souldan, Techelles, Theridamas with others.

Tamb. Come happy Father of Zenocrate,
A little higher than thy Souldans name:

Though

Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shal set thee free,
She that hath calmde the fury of my sword.
Which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast & deepe as Euphrates or Nile.
Zen. O sight thrice welcome to my ioyful soule,
To see the king my father safe,
From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.
Soul. Well met my only deare Zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown,
Tam. 'Twas I my Lord that gat the victorie,
And therefore grieue not at your ouerthrow:
Since I shal render all into your hands,
And adde more strength to your dominions
Then euer yet confirmd the Egyptian Crown.
The God of war resignes his roome to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Ioue viewing me in armes, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
And grisly death by running to and fro
To doo their cruell homag to my sword:
And here in Affrick where it seldom raignes,
Since I arriu'd with my triumphant hoste, (wounds.
Haue swelling cloudes drawen from wide gasping
Bin oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at euery drop it drinks:
Millions of soules sit on the bankes of Styx,
Waiting the backe returne of Charons boat,
Hell and Elisian swarme with Ghosts of men,
That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields:
To spread my fame through hell and vp to heauen:
And see my Lord a sight of strange import,
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
The Turk and his great Emperesse as it seems,

Left to themſelues whilſt we were at the fight,
Haue deſperatly diſpatcht their fainiſh liues:
With them Arabia too hath left his life,
All fights of power to grace my victory:
And ſuch are obiects fit for Tamburlaine,
Wherein as in a mirrour may be ſeene,
His honor that conſiſts in sheading blood,
When men preſume to menage armes with him.
Soul. Mighty hath God & Mahomet made thy hand,
(Renowmed Tamburlain) to whom all kings
Of force muſt yeild their crownes and Emperies,
And I am pleaſde with this my ouerthrow:
If as beſeemes a perſon of thy ſtate,
Thou haſt with honor vſde Zenocrate.
Tam. Her ſtate and perſon wants no pomp you ſee,
And for all blot of foule inchaſtity,
I record heauen, her heauenly ſelfe is cleare:
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely temples with the Perſean crowne:
But here theſe kings that on my fortunes wait:
And haue bene crownd for princes worthyneſſe,
Euen by this hand that ſhall eſtabliſh them.
Shal now, adioining at their hands with mine,
Inueſt her here the Queene of Perſes,
What ſaith the noble Soudan and Zenocrate?
Soul. I yeild with thanks and proteſtations
Of endleſſe honor to thee for her loue.
Tam. Then doubt I not but faire Zenocrate
Will ſoone conſent to ſatiffy vs both.
Zen. Then ſhould I much forget my ſelfe my Lorde.
Ther. Then let vs ſet the Crowne vpon her head,
That long hath longed for ſo high a ſeat.
Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deed,
For now her marriage time ſhall worke vs reſt:
Vſum. And her's the crowne my Lord, help ſet it
Tam. Then ſit thou downe diuine Zenocrate,

And

And here we crowne thee Queene of Perſea,
And al the kingdomes and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine ſubdewed:
As Iuno, when the Giants were ſuppreſt,
That darted mountaines at her brother Ioue:
So looks my Loue, ſhadowing in her browes
Triumphes and Trophees for my victories:
Or as Latonas daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To gratify the ſweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moores and men of Ayde,
From Barbary vnto the weſterne Indie,
Shall pay a yearely tribute to thy Syze.
And from the bounds of Affrick to the banks
Of Ganges, ſhal his mightie arme extend.
And now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchac'd kingdomes by your martiall deedes:
Caſt off your armor, put on ſcarlet roabes.
Mount vp your royall places of eſtate,
Enuironed with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your prouinces:
Hang vp your weapons on Alcides poſte,
For Tamburlain takes truce with al the world.
Thy firſt betrothed, Loue Arabia,
Shall we with honor (as beſt beſeemes) entombe,
With this great Turk and his faire Empereſſe:
Then after all theſe ſolemne Exequies,
We will our celebrated rites of mariage ſolemnize.

Finis Actvs quinti & vltimi huius
primæ partis.

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Tamburlaine, the great.

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THE SECOND PART OF

The bloody Conqueſts of *mightie Tamburlaine.*

With his impaſſionate fury, for the death of his Ladie and loue, faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and diſcipline to his three ſons, and the maner of his owne death.

The Prologue.

THe generall welcomes Tamburlaine receiu'd,
When he arriued laſt vpon our ſtage,
Hath made our Poet pen his ſecond part,
Where death cuts off the progres of his pompe.
And murdrous Fates throwes all his triumphs downe,
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how many cities ſacrifice
He celebrared her ſaid funerall,
Himſelfe in preſence ſhall vnfold at large.

Actvs. I. Scæna. I.

Orcanes, King of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of Byron, Vrbaſſa, and their traine, with drums and trumpets.

ORCANES.

EGregious Viceroyes of theſe Eaſtern parties,
Plaſd by the iſſue of great Baiazeth:
And ſacred Lord the mightie Calapine:
Who liues in Ægypt, priſoner to that ſlaue,
Which kept his father in an yron cage:
Now haue we marcht from faire Natolia
Two hundred leagues, & on Danubius banks,
Our warlike hoſte in complet armour reſt,
Where Sigiſmond the king of Hungary

Hath

Should meet our perſon to conclude a truce.
What? Shall we parle with the Chriſtian?
Or croſſe the ſtreame, and meet him in the field.
Byr. King of Natolia, let his treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Chriſtians blood,
And haue a greater foe to fight againſt,
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Aſia,
Neere Guyrons head doth ſet his conquering feet,
And meanes to fire Turky as he goes:
Gainſt him my Lord you muſt addreſſe your power.
Vſbaff. Beſides, king Sigiſmond hath brought from Chriſtendome,
More then his campe of ſtout Hungarians,
Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muſcouites, and Danes,
That with the Holbard, Lance, and murthering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with ſuerty holde.
Though from the ſhorteſt Northren Parralell,
Faſt Grunland compaſt with the frozenſes,
Inhabited with tall and ſturdy men,
Gyants as big as hugie Polypheme:
Millions of Souldiers cut the Artick line,
Bringing the ſtrength of Europe to theſe Armes
Our Turky blades ſhal glide throughout their throates,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen.
Danubius ſtream that runs to Trebizon,
Shal carry wrapt within his ſcarlet waues,
As martial preſents to our friends at home,
The ſlaughtered bodies of theſe Chriſtians.
The Terrene maine wherein Danubius falls,
Shall by this battell be the bloody ſea.
The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,
Shall meet thoſe Chriſtians fleeting with the tyde,
Beating in heaps againſt their Argoſies.
And make faire Europe Mounted on her bull,
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and weare a wofull mourning weed.

Byr.

Byr. Yet ſtout Orcanes, Prouer of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath muſtred all his men,
Marching from Cairon northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conqueſt of our land:
'Tis requiſite to parle for a peace
With Sigiſmond the king of Hungary:
And ſaue our forces for the hot aſſaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wiſely haſt thou ſaid:
My realme, the center of our Empery
Once loſt all Turkie would be ouerthrowne:
And for that cauſe the Chriſtians ſhall haue peace.
Sclauonians, Almains, Rutters, Muſces, and Danes,
Feare not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine.
Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great,
We haue reuolted Grecians, Albanees,
Cicilians, Iewes, Arabians, Turks, and Perſes,
Natolians, Syrians, black Egyptians,
Illicians Thracians, and Scythinians,
Enough to ſwallow forceſſe Sigiſmond,
Yet ſcarce enough to incounter Tamburlaine,
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the Oriental Plage
Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beates on the regions with his boyſterous blowes,
That neuer ſea man yet diſcouered:
All Aſia is in armes with Tamburlaine,
Euen from the midſt of fiery Cancers Tropick,
To Amazonia vnder Capricorne.
And thence as far as Archipellago:
All Affrike is in Armes with Tamburlaine,
Therefore Viceroie the Chriſtians muſt haue peace.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. II.

Sigiſmond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine with Drums

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drums and trumpets.

Sigiſ.

ORcanes (as our Legates promiſt thee)
We with our Peeres haue croſt Danubius ſtream
To treate of friendly peace or deadly warre:
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vſde
I here preſent thee with a naked ſworde,
Will thou haue warre, then ſhake this blade at me,
If peace, reſtore it to my handes againe:
And I will ſheath it to confirme the ſame.

Orc. Stay Sigiſmond, forgetſt thou I am he,
That with the Cannon ſhook Vienna walles,
And made it dance vpon the continent,
As when the maſſie ſubſtance of the earth,
Quiuer about the Axeltree of heauen.
Forgetteſt thou that I ſent a ſhower of darts
Mingled with powdred ſhot & fethered ſteele
So thicke vpon the blinded Burghers heades,
That thou thy ſelfe, then County-Pallatine,
The king of Boheme, and the Auſtrich Duke,
Sent Herralds out, which baſely on their knees,
In all your names deſirde a truce of me?
Forgetſt thou, that to haue me raiſe my ſiege,
Wagons of gold were ſet before my tent:
Stampt with the princely Foule that in her winges
Caries the fearefull thunderboltes of Ioue,
How canſt thou thinke of this, and offer war?

Sig. Vienna was beſeg'd, and I was there
Then County-Pallatine, but now a king:
And what we did, was in extremity:
But now Orcanes, view my royall hoſte,
That hides theſe plaines, and ſeemes as blacke & wide,
As doth the Deſart of Arabia.
To thoſe that ſtand on Badgeths ſtately tower,
Or as the Ocean to the Trauiller
That reſts vpon the ſnowie Appenines:

And

And tell me whether I should hope to loue,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king:
Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turky to confirme a league
And not to dare each other to the field:
A friendly parle might become you both.
Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent,
Which if your Generall refuse or scorne,
Our Tents are pight, our men stand in array.
Readie to charge you ere you stir your feete.
Nat. So prest are we, but yet if Sigismond
Speake as a friend, and stand not vpon termes,
Here is his sword, let peace be ratified
On these conditions specified before,
Drawen with aduise of our Ambassadors
Sig. Then here I sheath it, and giue thee my hand,
Neuer to draw it out, or menace armes
Against thy selfe or thy confederates:
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.
Nat. But (Sigismond) confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.
Sig. By him that made the world & sau'd my soule
The sonne of God and issue of a maide,
Sweete Iesus Christ, I solemnly protest,
And bow to keepe this peace inuiolable.
Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alkaron remaines with vs,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin mounted by the aire,
And hung on stately Meccas Temple roofe,
I sweare to keepe this truce inuiolable:
Of whose condition, and our solemne othes
Sign'd with our handes, each shall retaine a scrow'le
As memorable witnesse of our league.
Now Sigismond, if any Christian King
Encroch vpon the confines of thy realme,

Sedde

Send word Orcanes of Natolia
Confirme this league beyond Danubius ſtreame,
And they will (trembling) ſound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigiſmond will ſend
A hundred thouſand horſe traind to the war,
And backt by ſtout Launceres of Germany.
The ſtrength and ſinewes of the imperiall ſeat.
Nat. I thanke thee Sigiſmond, but when I war
Al Aſia Minor, Affrica and Greece
Follow my Standard and my thundring Drums:
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will diſpatch chiefe of my army hence
To faire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To ſtay my comming gainſt proud Tamburlaine.
Frend Sigiſmond, and peeres of Hungary,
Come banquet and carouſe with vs a while,
And then depart we to our territories. Exeunt.

Actvs. I. Scæna. III.

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.

Callap.

Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight
Of Callapine, the ſonne of Baiazeth,
Borne to be Monarch of the Weſterne world:
Yet here detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.
Alm. My Lord I pity it, and with my heart
Wiſh your releaſe, but he whoſe wrath is death,
My ſoueraigne Lord, renowned Tamburlaine,
Forbids you further liberty than this.
Cal. Ah were I now but halfe ſo eloquent
To paint in words, what I'le performe in deeds,
I know thou wouldſt depart from hence with me.
Al. Not for all Affrike, therefore moue me not,
Cal. Yet here me ſpeake my gentle Almeda.

Al,

Al. No speech to that end, by your fauour sir.
Cal. By Cario runs
Al. No talke of running, I tel you sir.
Cal. A little further, gentle Almeda
Al. Well sir, what of this?
Cal. By Cario runs to Alexandria Bay,
Darotes streames, wherein an anchor lies
A Turkish Gally of my royal fleet,
Waiting my comming to the riuer side,
Hoping by some meanes I shall be releast,
Which when I come aboard will hoist vp saile,
And some put forth into the Terrene sea:
Where twixt the Iles of Cyprus & of Creete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
Vpon their knees, al bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crownes of burnisht gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,
A thousand Gallies mann'd with christian slaues
I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,
And bring Armados to the coasts of Spaine,
Fraughted with golde of rich America:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilfull in musicke and in amorous layes:
As faire as was Pigmalions Ivory Gyrle,
Or lonely Io metamorphosed.
With naked negros shall thy coach be drawen,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streetes,
The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheeles
With Turky Carpets shall be couered:
And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
Fit obiects for thy princely eie to pierce.
A hundred Vassoes cloath'd in crimson silke
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian Steeds:
And when thou goest, a golden Canapie
Enchac'd with precious stones, which shine as bright

As that faire vaile that couers all the worlde
When Phœbus leaping from his Hemi-ſpheare.
Diſcendeth downward to the Antipodes.
And more than this, for al I cannot tell.
Alm. How far hence lies the Galley, ſay you?
Cal. Sweet Almeda, ſcarſe halfe a league from hence.
Alm. But need we not be eſpied going aboord?
Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
The ſailes wrapt vp, the maſt and tacklings downe,
She lies ſo cloſe that none can finde her out.
Alm. I like that well: but tell me my Lord, if I ſhoulde let you goe, would you bee as good as your word? Shall I bee made a king for my labour?
Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
And by the hande of Mahomet I ſweare,
Thou ſhalt be crownd a king and be my mate.
Alm. Then heere I ſweare, as I am Almeda,
Your Keeper vnder Tamburlaine the great,
(For that's the ſtyle and tytle I haue yet)
Although he ſent a thouſand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize.
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you backe againe.
Cal. Thanks gentle Almeda, then let vs haſte,
Leaſt time be paſt, and lingring let vs both.
Al. O When you will my Lord, I am ready.
Cal. Euen ſtraight: and farewel curſed Tamburlaine.
Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death. Exeunt.

Actvs. I. Scæna. IIII.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three ſonnes, Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with drummes and trumpets.

Tamburlaine.

Now

NOw bright Zenocrate, the worlds faire eie,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauen,
Whose cheerefull looks do cleare the cloudy aire
And cloath it in a Christall liuerie,
Now rest thee here on faire Larissa Plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts
Betweene thy sonnes that shalbe Emperours,
And euery one commander of a world.

Zen. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leaue these
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe: (armes
And dangerous chances of the wrathfull war?

Tam. When heauen shall cease to moue on both the
When the ground wheron my souldiers march (poles
Shal rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,
And not before my sweet Zenocrate:
Sit vp and rest thee like a louely Queene.
So, now she sits in pompe and maiesty:
When these my sonnes, more precious in mine eies
Than all the wealthy kingdomes I haue subdewed:
Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,
But yet me thinks their looks are amorous,
Not martiall as the sonnes of Tamburlaine
Water and aire being symbolized in one:
Argue their want of courage and of wit,
Their haire as white as milke and soft as Downe,
Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines.
As blacke as Jeat, and hard as Iron or steel,
Besprites they are too dainty for the warres.
Their fingers made to quauer on a lute,
Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke:
Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:
Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sonnes,
But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
That neuer look'd on man but Tamburlain.

Zen. My gratious Lord they haue their mothers looks,
But when they list, their conquering fathers heart:

This lonely boy the yongeſt of the thræ,
Not long agoe beſtrida Scythian Stæd:
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glone:
Which when he rained with his ſlender rod,
He raigned him ſtraight and made him ſo curuet,
As I cryed out for feare he ſhould haue falne.
Tam. Wel done my boy, thou ſhalt haue ſhield and
Armour of proofe, horſe, helme, & Curtle axe (lance
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmeleſſe run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,
Thou ſhalt be made a king and raigne with me,
Keeping in yron cages Emperours.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers worth,
And ſhine in compleat vertue more than they,
Thou ſhalt be king before them, and thy ſeed
Shal iſſue crowned from their mothers wombe.
Cel. Yes father, you ſhall ſee me: If I line,
Haue vnder me as many kings as you,
And match with ſuch a multitude of men,
As all the world ſhal tremble at their view.
Tam. Theſe words aſſure me boy, thou art my ſonne,
When I am old and cannot menage armes,
Be thou the ſcourge and terrour of the world.
Amy. Why may not I my Lord, as wel as he,
Be tearm'd the ſcourge & terrour of the world?
Tam. Be al a ſcourge and terror to the world,
Or elſe you are not ſons of Tamburlaine.
Cal. But while my brothers follow armes my lord,
Let me accompany my gratious mother,
They are enough to conquer al the world
And you haue won enough for me to keepe.
Tam. Baſtardly boy, ſprong from ſome cowards loyns:
And not the iſſue of great Tamburlaine,
Of all the prouinces I haue ſubdued
Thou ſhalt not haue a foot, vnleſſe thou beare

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A mind corragious and inuincible:
For he shall weare the crowne of Persea, (wounds,
Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most
Which being worth sends lightening from his eies.
And in the furrowes of his frowning browes,
Harbors reuenge, war, death and cruelty:
For in a field whose superfluities
Is couered with a liquid purple vaile,
And sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men,
My royall chaire of state shalbe advanc'd:
And he that meanes to place himselfe therein
Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood.
Zen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes,
Dismates their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords
Cel. No Madam, these are speeches fit for vs,
For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and saile to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Amy. And I would strive to swim thorow pooles of blood
Or make a bridge of murthered carcases,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turkes,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Tam. Well louely boyes, ye shalbe Emperours both
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:
And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And al his Viceroies, snatch it from his head,
And cleaue his Pericranion with thy sword.
Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleaue him to the channel with my sword.
Tam. Hold him, and cleaue him too, or Ile cleaue thee
For we will martch against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promist to meet me on Larisa plaines
With hosts a peece against this Turkish crue,

For I haue ſworne by ſacred Mahomet,
To make it parcel of my Empery,
The trumpets ſound Zenocrate they come.

Actvs. I. Scæna. V.

Enter Theridamas, & his traine with drums and trumpets.

Tam. VVElcome Theridamas, king of Argier,

Ther. My lord the great and mighty Tamburlain,
Arch Monarke of the world, I offer here,
My crowne, my ſelfe, and all the power I haue,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

Tam. Thanks good Theridamas.

Ther. Vnder my colours march ten thouſand Greeks
And of Argier and Affriks frontier townes,
Twiſe twenty thouſand valiant men at armes,
All which haue ſworne to ſacke Natolia:
Fiue hundred Biggandines are vnderſaile,
Meet for your ſeruice on the ſea, my Lord,
That lanching from Argier to Tripoly,
Will quickly ride before Natolia:
And beſter downe the caſtles on the ſhore.

Tam. Wel ſaid Argier, re ceiue thy crowne againe.

Actvs. I. Scæna. VI.

Enter Techelles and Vſumcaſane together.

Tam. KIngs of Morocus and of Feſſe, welcome.

Vſu. Magnificent & peereleſſe Tamburlaine,
I and my neighbor king of Feſſe haue brought
To aide thee in this Turkiſh expedition,
A hundred thouſand expert ſouldiers:
From Azamor to Tunis neere the ſea,
Is Barbary vnpeopled for thy ſake,
And all the men in armes vnder me,

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Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (againe
Tam. Thanks king of Morocus, take your crowne
Tech. And mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly God,
Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fesse,
And with an hoste of Moores traind to the war,
Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retyre,
And quake for feare, as if infernall loue
Mustring to aid them in this Turkish armes,
Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,
With vgly furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong Tesella vnto Biledull,
All Barbary is vnpeopled for thy sake. (againe
Tam. Thanks king of Fesse, take here thy crowne
Your presence (louing friends and fellow kings)
Makes me to surfet in conceiuing ioy,
If al the christall gates of Ioues high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and maiesty of heauen,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,
And after march to Turky with our Camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds.
And pro u dOrcanes of Natolia,
With al his viceroies shal bese affraide,
That though the stones, as at Deucalions flood,
Were turnd to men he should be ouercome:
Such ianish Swil I make of Turkish blood,
That Ioue shall send his winged messenger
To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:
The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
Shal hide his head in Thetis watery lap,
And leaue his steedes to faire Bootes charge:
For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:

But now my friends, let me examine ye,
How haue ye ſpent your abſent time from me?
Vſum. My Lord our men of Barbary haue marcht
Foure hundred miles with armour on their backes,
And laine in leagre fifteene monthes and more
For ſince we left you at the Soudans court,
We haue ſubdude the Southerne Guallatia,
And all the land vnto the coaſt of ſpaine.
We kept the narrow ſtreit of Gibralter,
And made Canarea call vs Kings and Lordes,
Yet neuer did they recreate themſelues,
Or ceaſe one day from warre and hot alarms,
And therfore let them reſt a while my Lord.
Tam. They ſhall ſaſane, and tis time yfaith.
Tech. And I haue marcht along the riuer Nile,
To Machda, where the mighty Chriſtian prieſt
Called Iohn the great, ſits in a milk-white robe,
Whoſe triple Myter I did take by force,
And made him ſweare obedience to my crowns.
From thence vnto Cazates did I marche,
Where amazonians met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I vouchſaft a league,
And with my power did marche to Zanſibar
The weſtern part of Affrike, where I viewd
The Ethiopian ſea, riuers and lakes:
But neither man nor child in all the land:
Therefore I tooke my courſe to Manyco,
Where vnreſiſted I remoued my campe:
And by the coaſt of Byather at laſt,
I came to Cubar where the Negros dwel,
And conquering that, made haſt to Nubia,
There hauing ſackt Borno the Kingly ſeat,
I tooke the king, and led him bound in chaines
Vnto Damaſco, where I ſtaid before.
Tamb. Well done Techelles: what ſaith
Theridamas?

Ther.

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Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Affricke
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the riuer Tyros I subdew'd
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia,
Then croſt the ſea and came to Oblia.
And Nigra Silua, where the Deuils dance.
Which in deſpight of them I ſet on fire:
From thence I croſt the Gulfe, call'd by the name
Mare magore of th'inhabitantes:
Yet ſhall my ſouldiers make no period
Until Natolia kneele before your feete.
Tamb. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouſe,
Cookes ſhall haue penſions to prouide vs cates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
Lachrima Chriſti and Calabrian wines
ſhall comon Souldiers drinke in quaffing bowles,
I, liquid golde when we haue conquer'd him.
Mingled with coſtall and with orientall pearle:
Come let vs banquet and carouſe the while. Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actvs. 2. Scena. 1.

Sgiſmond, Frederike, Baldwine, with their trayne.

Sigiſ.
NOw ſay my Lordes of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts
And ſtirs your valures to ſuch ſoddaine armes?
Fred. Your Maieſtie remembers I am ſure
What cruel ſlaughter of our Chriſtian bloods,
Theſe heathniſh Turkes and pagans lately made,
betwixt the citie Zula and Danubius,
How through the midſt of Verna and Bulgaria
And almoſt to the very walles of Rome,
They haue not long ſince maſſacred our campe,

It

Itreſſeth now then that your Maieſty
Take all aduantages of time and power,
And worke reuenge vpon theſe Infidels:
Your highneſſe knowes for Tamburlaines repaire,
That ſtrikes a terrour to all Turkiſh hearts,
Natolia hath diſmiſt the greateſt part
Of all his armie, pitcht against our power
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius mount:
And ſent them marching vp to Belgaſar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæſaria,
To aid the kings of Soria and Ieruſalem.
Now then my Lord, aduantage take thereof,
And iſſue ſodainly vpon the reſt:
That in th' fortune of their ouerthrow,
We may diſcourage all the pagan troupe,
That dare attempt to war with Chriſtians.

Sig. But cals not then your grace to memory
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,
And calling Chriſt for record of our truthes?
This ſhould be trecherie and violence,
Againſt the grace of our profeſſion.

Bald. No whit my Lord: for with ſuch Infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion reſts,
We are not bound to thoſe accomplishmentes,
The holy lawes of Chriſtendome inioyne,
But as for faith which they prophanely plight
Is not by neceſſarie politie,
To be eſteem'd aſſurance for ourſelues,
So that we now to them ſhould not infringe
Our libertie of armes and victorie.

Sig. Though I confeſſe the othes they vndertake,
Breed litle ſtrength to our ſecuritie,
Yet thoſe infirmities that thus deface
Their faithes, their honors, and their religion,
Should not giue vs preſumption to the like,

Our

Our faithes are found, and muſt be continuate,
Religious, righteous, and inuiolate.
Fred. Aſſure your Grace tis ſuperſtition
To ſtand ſo ſtrictly on diſpenſing faith:
And ſhould we loſe the opportunitie
That God hath giuen to benge our Chriſtians death
And ſcourge their foule blaſphemous Paganiſme:
As fell to Saule, to Balaam and the reſt,
That would not kill and curſe at Gods commaund,
So ſurely will the vengeance of the higheſt
And iealous anger of his fearefull arme
Be pour'd with rigour on our ſinfull heades,
If we neglect this offered victory.
Sig. Then arme my Lordes, and iſſue ſodainly,
Giuing commaundement to our generall hoſte,
With expedition to aſſaile the Pagan,
And take the victorie our God hath giuen. Exeunt.

Actvs. 2. Scena. 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribaſſa with their traine.

Orcanes.

GAzellus, Vribaſſa, and the reſt,
Now will we march from proud Orminius mount
To faire Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royall preſence,
T'incounter with the cruell Tamburlaine,
That nigh Lariſſa ſwaies a mightie hoſte,
And with the thunder of his martiall tooles
Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen.
Gaz. And now come we to make his ſinewes ſhake,
With greater power than erſt his pride hath felt,
An hundred kings by ſcores will bid him armes,
And hundred thouſands ſubiectes to each ſcore:
Which if a ſhower of wounding thunderbolts
Should breake out of the bowels of the cloudes

And

And fallas thicke as haile vpon our heades,
In partiall aide of that proude Scythian,
Yet ſhould our courages and ſteeled creſtes,
And numbers more than infinite of men,
Be able to withſtand and conquer him.
Vrib. Me thinkes I ſee how glad the Chriſtian king
Is made, for ioy of your admitted truce:
That could not ere before be terrefied:
Which vnacquainted power of our hoſte.
Enter a meſſenger.
Meſſ. Arme dread Soueraigne and my noble Lords
The treacherous army of the Chriſtians
Taking aduantage of your ſlender power,
Comes marching on vs, & determines ſtraight,
To bid vs battaile for our deareſt liues.
Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Chriſtians.
Haue I not here the articles of peace,
And ſolemne couenantes we haue both confirm'd,
He by his Chriſt, and I by Mahomet?
Gaz. Hell and confuſion light vpon their heads,
That with ſuch treaſon ſeeke our ouerthrow,
And cares ſo little for their prophet Chriſt.
Orc. Can there be ſuch deceit in Chriſtians,
Or treaſon in the fleſhly heart of man,
Whoſe ſhape is figure of the higheſt God?
Then if there be a Chriſt, as Chriſtians ſay,
But in their deedes deny him for their Chriſt:
If he be ſonne to euerliuing Ioue,
And hath the power of his outſtreached arme,
If he be ſelous of his name and honor,
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here theſe papers as our ſacrifice
And witneſſe of thy ſeruants periury.
Open thou ſhining vale of Cynthia
And make a paſſage from the imperiall heauen
That he that ſits on high and neuer ſleeps,

Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But every where fils every continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
May in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitors periurie.
Thou Christ that art estœm'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
Be now revenged upon this Traitors soule,
And make the power I have left behinde
(Too little to defend our guiltlesse lives)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.
To armes my Lords, on Christ still let us cry
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

Sound to the battel, and Sigismond comes out wounded.

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian hoste,
And God hath thundred vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull periurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sinne,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele,
In this my mortall well deserued wound,
End all my penance in my sodaine death,
And let this death wherein to sinne I die,
Conceive a second life in endlesse mercie.

Enter Orca, Gazellus, Vribassa, with others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath beene my friend.
Gaz. See here the periured traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villanie.
Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a pray
To beastes and foules, and all the windes shall breath

Through

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Through ſhadie leaues of euery ſenceleſſe tree,
Murmures and hiſſes for his hainous ſinne.
Now ſcalders his ſoule in the Tartarian ſtreames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That Zoacum, that fruit of bitternesſe,
That in the midſt of fire is ingraft,
Yet flouriſheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned feendes,
The Deuils there in chaines of quencheleſſe flame,
Shall lead his ſoule through Orcus burning gulfe:
From paine to paine, whoſe change ſhall neuer ende:
What ſaieſt thou yet Gazellus to his foile:
Which we referd to inſtice of his Chriſt,
And to his power, which here appeares as full
As raies of Cynthia to the cleareſt night?

Gaz. Tis but the fortune of the warres my Lord,
Whoſe power is often proud a miracle.

Orc. Yet in my thoughtes ſhall Chriſt be honoured.
Not dooing Mahomet an iniurie,
Whoſe power had ſhare in this our victory:
And ſince this miſcreant hath diſgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heauen and earth.
We will both watch and warde and keepe his tranke
Amidſt theſe plaines, for Foules to pray vpon.
Go Vribaſſa, giue it straight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord. Exit. Vrib.

Orc. And now Gazellus, let vs haſte and meet
Our Army and our brother of Ieruſalem,
Of Soria, Trebiſon and Amaſia,
And happily with ful Natolian bowles
Of Greekiſh wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conqueſt, and his angry fate. Exeunt.

Actvs. 2 Scena. vltima.

The Arras is drawen and Zenocrate lies in her bedde of ſtate,

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ſtate, Tamburlane ſitting by her: three Phiſitians about her bed, tempering potions, Theridamas, Techelles, Vlumeſlane, and the three ſonnes.

Tamb.

BLacke is the beautie of the brightest day.
The golden balle of heauens eternall fire,
That danc'd with glory on the ſiluer waues:
Now wantes the fewell that inflam'd his beames
And all with faintneſſe and for foule diſgrace,
He binder his temples with a frowning cloude,
Readie to darken earth with endleſſe night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whoſe eies ſhot fire from Ioues ſtarre to Saturne,
And tempered euery ſoule with lyuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whoſe iealouſie admits no ſecond Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breath
All dazed with the hellish miſts of death.
Now walke the Angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall ſoules,
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Apollo Cynthia, and the ceaſeleſſe lamps
That gently look'd vpon this loathſome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The chriſtal ſpringes whoſe taſte illuminates
Refined eies with an eternall light,
Like tried ſiluer runs through Paradice
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins
That ſing and play before the king of kinges:
Vſe all their voices and their inſtrumentes
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
And in this ſweete and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this muſicke to our ſoules:
Holds out his hand in higheſt maieſtie

To

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Then let ſome holy trance conuate my thoughtes,
Vp to the palace of th'imperiall heauen:
That this my life may be as ſhoote to me
As are the daies of ſweete Zenocrate:
Philitions, will not Phiſicke do her good?
Phil. My Lord, your Maieſtie ſhall ſoone perceiue:
And if ſhe paſſe this fit, the woꝛſt is paſt.
Tam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate?
Zen. I fare my Lord, as other Empereſſes,
That when this fraile & tranſitoꝛie fleſh
Hath ſuckt the meaſure of that vitall aire
That feedes the bodie with his dated health,
Wanes with enfoꝛſt and neceſſarie change.
Tam. May neuer ſuch a change tranſforme my loue
In whoſe ſweete being I repoſe my life,
Whoſe heauenly preſence beautifies with health,
Giues light to Phœbus and the fixed ſtars,
Whoſe abſence make the ſun and Moone as darke
As when oppoſde in one Diameter:
Their Sphear&s are mounted on the ſerpentes head.
Oꝛ elſe diſcended to his winding traine:
Liue ſtill my loue and ſo conſerue my life,
Oꝛ dying, be the anchoꝛ of my death.
Zen. Liue ſtill my Lord. O let my ſouereigne liue,
And ſooner let the fiery Element
Diſſolue, and make your kingdome in the Skie,
Than this baſe earth ſhould ſhroud your maieſtie:
Foꝛ ſhould I but ſuſpect your death by mine,
The comfoꝛt of my future happineſſe
And hope to meet your highneſſe in the heauens,
Turn'd to diſpaire, would breake my wꝛetches breaſt.
And furie would confounde my preſent reſt.
But let me die my Loue pꝛe let me die,
With loue and patience let your true loue die:
Your griefe and feꝛy harts my ſeconde life.

Yet

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Yet let me kiſſe my Lord before I dy,
And let me die with kiſſing of my Lord.
But ſince my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leaue of theſe my louing ſonnes,
And of my Lords whoſe true nobility
Haue merited my latteſt memory:
Sweet ſons farewel, in death reſemble mee
And in your liues your fathers excellency:
Some muſicke, and my ſpirit will ceaſe my Lord.
They call Muſicke
Tam. Proud fury and intollerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my loue,
And ſcourge the ſcourge of the immortal God:
Now are thoſe ſpheares where Cupid vſd to ſit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with loue,
Sadly ſupplied with pale and ghaſtly death:
Cold horror-darts do pierce the center of my ſoule,
Her ſacred beauty hath inchanted heauen,
And had ſhe liu'd before the ſiege of Troy,
Hellen, whoſe beauty ſommond Greece to armes,
And drew a thouſand ſhips to Tenedos,
Had not bene nam'd in Homers Iliades:
Her name had bene in euery line he wrote:
Or had thoſe wanton Poets, for whoſe birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaſde a while on her,
Nor Lesbia, nor Corinna had bene nam'd,
Zenocrate had bin the argument
Of euery Epigram or Elegie.
The muſicke ſounds and ſhe dies.
Tam. What, is ſhe dead? Techelles, draw thy ſword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine,
And we deſcend into the infernal vaults,
To haile the fatal Siſters by the haire,
And throw them in the triple moate of hell,
For taking hence my faire Zenocrate.
Caſane and Theridamas to armes,

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Raiſe Caualiers higher than the clouds:
And with the cannon breake the frame of heauen.
Batter the ſhining pallace of the Sun,
And ſhiuer all the ſtarry firmament:
For amongſt loue hath ſnatcht my loue from hence,
Meaning to make her ſtately Queene of heauen,
What God ſo euer holds thee in his armes,
Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrozia,
Behold me here: diuine zenocrate,
Raging, impatient, deſperate and mad,
Breaking my ſteeled lance, with which I burſt
The ruſty beames of Ianus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war:
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pitieſt Tamburlain the great,
Come downe from heauen and liue with mee againe.

Ther. Ah good my Lord be patient ſhe is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue.
If words might ſerue, our voice hath rent the aire,
If teares, our eies haue watered all the earth:
If griefe, our murthered hearts haue ſtraind forth blood
Nothing preuailes, for ſhe is dead my Lord.

Tam. For ſhe is dead thy words do pierce my ſoule
Ah ſweet Theridamas, ſay ſo no more,
Though ſhe be dead, yet let me thinke ſhe liues,
And feed my mindes that dies for want of her:
Where ere her ſoule be, thou ſhalt ſtay with me
Embalm'd with Caſſia, Amber Greece and Myrre,
Not lapt in lead but in a ſheet of Gold,
And till I die thou ſhalt not be interr'd
Then in as rich a tombe as Mauſolus,
We doth will reſt and haue an Epitaph
Writ in as many ſeuerall languages,
As I haue conquered kingdomes with my ſword,
This curſed towne will I conſume with fire,
Becauſe this place bereft me of my Loue:

The

The houſes burnt, will looke as if they mourn'd
And here will I ſet vp her Statue,
And march about it with my mourning camps.
Weeping and pining for Zenocrate.
The Arras is drawen.

Actvs III. Scæna. I.

Enter the kings of Trebiſon and Soria, one bringing a ſword, and another a ſcepter: next Natolia and Ieruſalem with the Emperiall crowne: After Callapine, and after him other Lords. Orcanes and Ieruſalem crowne him, and the other giue him the ſcepter.

Orcanes.

CAlepinus Cyricelibes, otherwiſe Cybelius, ſon & ſucceſſiue heire to the late mighty Emperour Baiazeth, by the aide of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ieruſalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amaſia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmonia. And all the hundred and thirtie kingdomes in perpetuitie to his mighty Father. Long liue Callepinus, Emperour of Turky.

Cal. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the reſt,
I will requite your royall gratitudes
With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:
And were the ſinewes of the imperiall ſeat
So knit and ſtrengthned, as when Baiazeth
My royall Lord and father ſtil the throne,
Whoſe curſed fate hath ſo diſmembred it,
Then ſhould you ſee this Theefe of Scythia,
This proud uſurping king of Perſea,
Do vs ſuch honor and ſupremacie,
Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs,
As all the world ſhould blot our dignities
Out of the booke of baſe borne infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royall cares
Hath ſo prouided for this curſed foe,

That ſince the heire of mighty Baiazeth
(An Emperour ſo honoꝛed foꝛ his vertues)
Reuiues the ſpirits of all true Turkiſh hearts,
In grieuous memoꝛy of his fathers ſhame,
We ſhal not need to nouriſh any doubt,
But that pꝛoud foꝛtune, who hath followed long
The martiall ſwoꝛd of mightie Tamburlaine,
Will now retaine her olde inconſtancie,
And raiſe our honoꝛs to as high a pitch
In this our ſtrong and foꝛtunate encounter,
Foꝛ ſo hath heauen pꝛouided myꝛ eſcape.
From al the cruelty my ſoule ſuſtaind,
By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,
That loue ſurcharg'd with pitie of our wꝛongs,
Will poure it downe in ſhoweꝛs on our heads:
Scourging the pꝛide of curſed Tamburlaine.

Ore. I haue a hundꝛed thouſand men in armes,
Some, that in the conqueſt of the pertur'd Chꝛiſtian,
Being a handfull to a mighty hoſte,
Thinke them in number yet ſufficient,
To dꝛinke the riuer Nile oꝛ Euphrates,
And foꝛ their power, pnow to win the wꝛld.

Ier. And I as many from Ieruſalem,
Iudæa, Gaza, and Scalonians bounds,
That on mount Sinay with their enſignes ſpꝛead,
Looke like the parti-coloured clouds of heauen,
That ſhew faire weather to the neighboꝛ morne.

Treb. And I as many bꝛing from Trebizon,
Chio, Famaſtro, and Amaſia,
All boꝛdꝛing on the Mare-maior ſea:
Riſo: ſancina, and the boꝛdering townes,
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whoſe courages are kindled with the flames:
The curſed Scythian ſets on al their townes,
And vow to burne the villaines cruell heart.

Sor. From Soria with ſeuenty thouſand ſtrong,

Tane

Came from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
And so vnto my citie of Damasco,
I march to meet and aid my neighbor kings,
Ill which will ioyne against this Tamburlaine.
And bring him captiue to your highnesse feet.
Orc. Our battell then in martiall manner pitcht,
According to our ancient vse, shall beare
The figure of the semi-circled Moone:
Whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,
The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.
Cal. Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foe:
I thinke it requisite and honorable,
To keepe my promise, and to make him king,
That is a gentleman (I know) at least.
Al. That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For Tamburlaine came vp of nothing.
Ier. Your Maiesty may chuse some pointed time,
Performing al your promise to the full:
'Tis nought for your maiesty to giue a kingdome.
Cal. Then wil I shortly keepe my promise Almeda.
Al. Why, I thanke your Maiesty. Exeunt.

Actvs II. Scæna. II.

Tamburlain with Vsumcasane, and his three sonnes, foure bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, & the drums sounding a dolefull march, the towne burning.

Tam. So, burne the turrets of this cursed town,
Flame to the highest region of the aire:
And kindle heapes of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage,
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants
Ouer my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may indure till heauen be dissolu'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,

Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Fiery Dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,
Sindge theſe faire plaines, and make them ſeeme as blacke
As is the Iland where the Furies maſſe
Compaſt with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegeton,
Becauſe my deare Zenocrate is dead.

Cal. Thus Piller plac'd in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greeke is writ.
This towne being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.
Amy. And here this mournful ſtreamer ſhall be plac'd
Wrought with the Perſean and the Egyptian armes,
To ſignify ſhe was a princeſſe borne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the Eaſt.

Celib. And here this table as a Regiſter
Of all her vertues and perfections.

Tam. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To ſhew her beauty, which the world admyr'd,
Sweet picture of diuine Zenocrate,
That hanging here, will draw the Gods from heauen;
And cauſe the Stars fixt in the Southerne arke,
Whoſe louely faces neuer any view'd,
That haue not paſt the centers latitude.
As Pilgrimes trauelle to our Hemi-ſphere,
Only to gaze vpon Zenocrate,
Thou ſhalt not beautifie Lariſſa plaines,
But keepe within the circle of mine armes,
At euery towne and caſtle I beſiege,
Thou ſhalt be ſet vpon my royal tent,
And when I meet an army in the field,
Whoſe lookes will ſhed ſuch influence in my campe,
As if Bellona, Goddeſſe of the war
Threw naked ſwords and fulphur balles of fire,
Vpon the heads of all our enemies.
And now my Lords, aduance your ſpeares againe,
Sorrow no more my ſweet Caſane now:

Weyes

Boyes leaue to mourne, this towne shall ner mourne,
Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.
Cal. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrows I sustaine.
Amy. As is that towne so is my heart consumd,
With griefe and sorrow for my mothers death.
Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now my boies, leaue off, and list to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war:
Ile haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,
March in your armor through slow watery fens,
Sustaine the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and colde right adiuncts of the war,
And after this, to scale a castle wal,
Besiege a fort, to vndermine a towne,
And make inuentions caper in the aire.
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the quinque-angle fourme is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat:
Whereas the fort may soonest be assaild.
And sharpest where th' assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deepe, the Counterscarps
Narrow and steepe, the walles made high and broad,
The Bulwarkes and the rampiers large and strong,
With Cauallieros and thicke counterforts,
And roome within to lodge fiue thousand men.
It must haue priuie ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch:
It must haue high Argins and couered waies
To keepe the bulwarke fronts from battery.
And Parapets to hide the Muscatters:
Casemates to place the great Artillary,
And store of ordinance that from euery flanke
May scoure the outward curtaynes of the Fort,

Diſmount the Cannon of the aduerſe part,
Murther the foe and ſaue their walles from breach,
When this is learn'd for ſeruice on the land,
By plaine and eaſie demonſtration,
Ile teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dryſhot march through lakes & poles,
Deepe riuers, hauens, creekes, and little ſeas,
And make a fortreſſe in the raging waues,
Fenc'd with the concaue of a monſtrous rocke,
Inuincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye ſouldiers,
And worthy ſonnes of Tamburlaine the great.

Cal. My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
We may be ſlaine or wounded ere we learne.

Tam. Villain, art thou the ſonne of Tamburlain,
And fear'ſt to die, or with the Curtle axe
To hew thy fleſh and make a gaping wound?
Haſt thou beheld a peale of ordinance ſtrike
A ring of pikes, mingled with ſhot and horſe,
Whoſe chattered limbs, being toſt as high as heauen,
Hang in the aire as thicke as ſunny motes,
And canſt thou Coward ſtand in feare of death?
Haſt thou not ſeene my horſmen charge the foe,
Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their ſtreaming blood,
And yet at night carouſe within my tent,
Filling their empty bancks with fiery wine,
That being concocted, turnes to crimſon blood,
And wilt thou ſhun the field for feare of wounds?
Viewe me thy father that hath conquered kings,
And with his hoſt marcht round about the earth,
Quite voyd of ſcarres, & cleere from any wound,
That by the warres loſt not a dropſ of blonde,
And ſee him lanch his fleſh to reach you al.

He cuts his arme.

A wound is nothing be it neere ſo deepe.

Blood

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Blood is the God of warres rich Mercy,
Now like I like a ſouldier, and this wound
Is great a grace and maieſtie to me,
Is if a chaire of Golde enamild,
Enchac'd with Diamondes, Saphyrs, Rubies
And fairest pearle of Wealthie India
Were mounted here under a Canapie:
And I ſat downe, clothd with ameſſie robe,
That late adorn'd the Turkish Potentate.
Whom I brought bound vnto Damaſcus walles.
Come boyes and with your fingers ſearch my wounds,
And in my blood waſh all your handes at once,
While I ſit ſmiling to behold the ſight.
Now my boyes, what thinke ye of a wound?
Cal. I know not what I ſhould thinke of it,
Me thinkes tis a pitifull ſight.
Cel. This nothing: gine me a wound father.
Amy. And me another my Lord.
Tam. Come ſirra, gine me your armes.
Cel. Here father, cut it brauely as you did your own.
Tam. It ſhall ſuffice thou darſt abide a wound
My boy, Thou ſhalt not loſe a drop of blood,
Before we meete the armie of the Turke.
But then run deſperate through the thickeſt thronges,
Dreadleſſe of blowes, of bloody woundes and death:
And let the burning of Larriſſa walls
My ſpeech of war, and this my wound you ſee
Teach you my boyes to beare couragious mindes,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.
Vſumcaſane now come let vs march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we haue ſent before to fire the townes,
The towers and cities of theſe hatefull Turkes,
And hunt that Coward, faintheart, runaway.
With that curſed traitor Almeda.
Till fire and ſword haue found them at a bay.

Vſum.

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Vſu. I long to pierce the bowels with my ſword,
That hath betraied my gracious Soueraign,
That curſt and damned Traitor Alemeda.
Tam. Then let vs ſet if coward Calapine,
Dare leuie armes againſt our puiſſance,
That we may tread vpon his captiue necke
And trebis all his fathers ſlaueries. Exeunt.

Act vs. 3. Scena. 1.

Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.

Therid.

Thus haue we marcht northward frō Tamburlaine,
Vnto the frontier point of Soria:
And this is Ballera their chiefeſt hold,
Wherein is all the treaſure of the land.
Tech. Then let vs bring our light Artilery,
Minions, Faulnets, and Sakars to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,
And enter in, to ſeaze vpon the gold:
How ſay you Souldiers, ſhall we not?
Soul. Yes my Lord, yes, come lets about it.
Ther. But ſtay a while, ſummon a parle, Drum,
It may be they will yeeld it quietly,
Knowing two kinges, the friend to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walles, with ſuch a mightie power.
Summon the battell.

Captaine with his wife and ſonne.

Cap. what requier you my maiſters?
Ther. Captaine, that thou yeeld vp thy hold to vs.
Cap. To you? Why, do thou thinke me weary of it?
Tech. Nay captaine, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withſtand the friendes of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Theſe Moores of Argier in Affrica,
Euen in the cannons face ſhall raiſe a hill

Of

Of earth and fagots higher than thy foꝛt,
And ouer thy Trgins and couered waies
Shal play vpon the bulwarkes of thy hold
Volleies of oꝛdinance till the breach be made,
That with his ruine fils vp all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe
Shall ransome thee, thy wife and family.
Tech. Captain, these Mores shall cut the leaden pipes
That bring fresh water to thy men & thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls:
That no supply of victuall shal come in,
Noꝛ issue foꝛth, but they shall die:
And therefoꝛe Captaine, yeeld it quickly.

Cap. Were pon that are the friends of Tamburlaine
Brothers of holy Mahomet himselfe,
I would not yeeld it: therefoꝛe do your woꝛst.
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and vndermine,
Cut off the water, all conueies that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

Ther. Pioners away, and where I stucke the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast vp the earth towards the castle wall,
Which till it may defend you, labour low:
And few oꝛ none shall perish by their shot.

Pion. We will my Lord. Exeunt.

Tech. A hundred horse shal scout about the plaines
To spie what foꝛce comes to relieue the holde.
Both we (Theredamas) will intrench our men.
And with the Iacobs staffe measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will worke full point blanke vnto their walls.

Ther. Then fetch the bringing of our oꝛdinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will haue gabions of six foot broad
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot,

Betwixt

Betwixt which, ſhall our ordinance thunder forth
And with the breaches fall, ſmoake, fire, and duſt
The cracke, the Eccho and the ſouldiers crie
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Chriſtall Sky.
Tech, Trumpets and drums, alarum preſently.
And ſouldiers play the men, the holds is yours.
Enter the Captaine with his wife and ſonne.

Olym. Come good my Lord, & let vs haſt from hence
Along the cane that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to ſaue this conquered holde.
Cap. A deadly bullet gliding thorough my ſide,
Lies heauy on my heart, I cannot liue.
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery part,
Mangled and torne, and all my entrals bath'd
In blood that ſtaineth from their orifex.
Farewell ſweete wife, ſweete ſon farewell, I die.
Olym. Death, whither art thou gone that both we liue
Come backe againe (ſweet death) and ſtrike vs both:
One minute ende our daies, and one ſepulcher
Containe our bodies: death, why comm'ſt thou not:
Well, this muſt be the meſſenger for thee,
Now vgly death ſtretch out thy Sable wings,
And carry both our ſoules, where his remaines.
Tell me ſweet boy, art thou content to die:
These barbarous Scythians full of crueltie,
And Moores, in whom was neuer pitie found,
Will hew vs peecemeale, put vs to the wheele,
Or elſe inuent ſome torture worſe than that,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now will lance thy Iuory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.
Son. Mother diſpatch me, or Ile kill my ſelfe,
For thinke ye I can liue, and ſee him dead?
Giue me your knife, good mother or ſtrike home:

The

The Scythians ſhall not tyrannize on me.
Sweet mother ſtrike, that I may meet my father.
She ſtabs him.
Olym. Thy ſacred Mahomet, if this be ſin,
Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my ſoule before it come to thee.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and all their traine.

Ther. How now Madam, what are you doing?
Olym. Killing my ſelfe, as I haue done my ſonne,
And whoſe bodie with his fathers I haue burnt,
Leaſt cruel Scythians ſhould diſmember him.
Tech. Twas bravely done, and like a ſouldiers wife
Thou ſhalt with vs to Tamburlaine the great,
Who when he hears how reſolute thou were,
Will match thee with a vicecroy or a king.
Olim. My Lord deceaſt, was dearer vnto me,
Than any vicecroy, King or Emperour,
And for his ſake here will I end my daies.
Ther. But Lady goe with vs to Tamburlaine,
And thou ſhalt ſee a man greater than Mahomet,
In whoſe high lookes is much more maieſty
Than from the concaue ſuperficies.
Of loues vaſt pallace the imperial Orbe,
Vnto the ſhining bower where Cynthia ſits,
Like louely Thetis in a Chriſtal robe,
That treadeth fortune vnderneath his feete,
And makes the mighty God of armes his ſlaue:
On whome death and the fatall ſiſters waite,
With naked ſwords and ſcarlet liueries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)
Rhamnuſia beares a helmet full of blood,
And ſtrowes the way with braines of ſlaughtered men
By whoſe proud ſide the vgly furies run.
Harkening when he ſhall bid them plague the world,

Ouer

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Ouer whoſe Zenith cloth'd in windy aire,
And Sagels wings inioin'd to her feathered breaſt,
Fame houereth, ſounding of her golden Trumpe:
That to the aduerſe poles of that ſtraight line,
Which meaſureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is ſpread:
And him faire Ladie ſhall thy eies beholde. Come.

Olim. Take pitie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to ſtay,
And caſt her bodie in the burning flame,
That feedes vpon her ſomes and husbands flesh.

Tech. Madam, ſooner ſhall fire conſume vs both,
Then ſcorch a face ſo beautifull as this,
In frame of which, Nature hath shewd more skill,
Then when ſhe gaue eternall Chaos forme,
Drawing from it the ſhining Lampes of heauen

Ther. Madam, I am ſo far in loue with you,
That you muſt goe with vs, no remedy.

Olim. Then carry me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatall iourney,
Be likewiſe end to my accurſed life.

Tech. No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willingly, therefore.

Ther. Souldiers now let vs meete the Generall,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke:
The gold, and ſiluer, and the pearle ye got,
Riſing this Fort, deuide in aquall ſhares:
This Lady ſhall haue twice ſo much againe,
Out of the coffers of our treaſury. Exeunt.

Actvs III. Scæna V.

Callepine, Orcanes, Ieruſalem, Trebizon, Soria, Almeda, with their traine.

Meſſenger,

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Meſſ. RAnowmed Emperour, mighty Callepine,
Gods great lieftenant ouer all the world:
Here at Alepo with an hoſt of men
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Perſia:
In number more than are the quiuering leaues
Of Idas foreſt, where your highneſſe hounds,
With open cry purſues the wounded Stag:
Who meanes to gyue Natolias walls with ſiege,
Fire the towne and ouerrunne the land.
Cal. My royall army is as great as his,
That from the bounds of Phrigia to the ſea
Which waſheth Cyprus with his brinish waues,
Couers the hils, the vallies and the plaines.
Viceroyes and peeres of Turkey play the men,
Whet all your ſwoordes to mangle Tamburlaine
His ſonnes, his Captaines and his followers,
By Mahomet not one of them ſhall liue.
The field wherein this battaile ſhall be fought,
Foreuer, terme the Perſeans ſepulchre.
In memory of this our victory.
Orc. Now, he that cals himſelfe ſcourge of Ioue,
The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,
Shal end the warlike progreſſe he intendes,
And tranaile hedlong to the lake of hel:
Where legions of deuils knowing he muſt dy
Here in Natolia, by your highneſſe handes
Al brandiſhing in their brandes of quenchleſſe fire,
Stretching their monſtrous pawes, grin their teeth.
And guard the gates to entertaine his ſoule.
Cal. Tell me Viceroyes the number of your men.
And what our Army royal is eſteem'd.
Ier. From Paleſtina and Ieruſalem,
Of Hebrewes, three ſcore thouſand fighting men
Are come ſince laſt we ſhewed your maieſtie.
Orc. So from Arabia deſart, and the bounds
Of that ſwart land, whoſe braue Metropolis

Reedified

Beedified the faire Semyramis,
Came forty thouſand warlike foot and horſe,
Since laſt we numbred to your Maieſty.
Treb. From trebizon in Aſia the leſſe,
Naturalized Turkes and ſtout Sythinians
Came to my bands full fifty thouſand more,
That fighting, knowes not what retreat doth meane,
Nor ere returne but with the victory,
Since laſt we numbred to your maieſtie.
Sor. Of Sorians from Halla is repaird
And neighbor cities of your highneſſe land,
Ten thouſand horſe, and thirty thouſand foot,
Since laſt we numbred to your maieſty,
So that the army royal is eſteemd
Six hundred thouſand valiant fighting men.
Cal. Then welcome Tamburlain vnto thy death.
Come puiſſant viceroies, let vs to the field,
The Perſeans ſepulcher and ſacrifice
Mountaines of breathleſſe men to Mahomet,
And who now with loue opens the firmament,
To ſee the ſlaughter of our enemies.

Actvs II. Scæna I.

Tamburlaine with his three ſonnes, Vſumcaſane, with others.

Tam.

HOw now Caſane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling ridles
Vſu. My lord your preſence makes them pale and wan.
Poore ſoules they looke as if their deaths were neere.
Tam. Why, ſo he is Caſane, I am here,
But yet Ile ſaue their liues and make them ſlaues,
Ye petty kings of Turky I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian campe,
To ouer dare the pride of Grecia;

And

And ſet his warlike perſon to the view
Of fierce Achilles, riuall of his fame,
I doe you honor in the ſmile.
For if I ſhould as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthieſt knight that euer brandiſht ſword)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I ſee how fearfully ye would refuſe,
And fly my gloue as from a ſcorpion.

Orc. Now thou art fearfull of thy armies ſtrength,
Thou wouldſt with ouermatch of perſon fight.
But ſhepheards iſſue, baſe borne Tamburlain,
Thinke of thy end, this ſword ſhall lance thy throat.

Tam. Villaine, the ſhepheards iſſue, at whoſe birth
Heauen did afford a gratious aſpect,
And ioin'd thoſe ſtars that ſhal be opposite.
Euen til the diſſolution of the world,
And neuer meant to make a conqueror,
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine:
Shal ſa torment thee and that Callapine,
That like a reguiſh runnaway, ſuborn'd
That villaine there, that ſlaue, that Turkiſh dog,
To raiſe his ſeruice to his Soueraigne,
As ye ſhall curſe the birth of Tamburlaine.

Cal. Raile not proud Scythian, I ſhall now reuenge
My fathers vile abuſes and mine owne.

Ier. By Mahomet he ſhal be tied in chaines,
Rowing with Chriſtians in a Brigandine,
About the Grecian Iles to rob and ſpoile:
And turne him to his ancient trade againe,
Me thinks the ſlaue ſhould make a luſty theefe.

Cal. Nay, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet
And ſit in councell in ſome priuie paine,
That moſt may vex his body and his ſoule.

Tam. Sirha, Callapine, Ile hang a clogge about your necke for running away againe, you ſhal not trouble me thus to come and fetch you,

But as for you (Viceroy) you ſhal haue bits,
And harneſt like my horſes, draw my coach:
And when ye ſtay, be laſht with whips of wier.
Ile haue you learne to feed with provander,
And in a ſtable lie vpon the planks.
Orc. But Tamburlaine, firſt thou ſhalt kneele to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.
Treb. The common ſouldiers of our mighty hoſte
Shall bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.
Sor. And all haue ſtontly ſworne thy cruell death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments wrath.
Tam. Well ſirs, diet your ſelues, you know I ſhall
haue occaſion ſhortly to iourney you.
Cel. See father how Almeda the Gaoler lookes vpon vs.
Tam. Villaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,
Ile make thee wiſh the earth had ſwallowed thee
Saw'ſt thou not death within my wrathful looke?
Goe villaine, caſt thee headlong from a rocke,
Or rip thy boſwels, and rent out thy heart,
To appeaſe my wrath, or elſe Ile torture thee.
Searing thy hateful fleſh with burning yrons,
And drops of ſcalding lead, while al thy ioints
Be rackt and beat aſunder with the wheele,
For if thou liueſt, not any element
Shal ſhrowd thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Cal. Well, in deſpight of thee, he ſhal be king:
Come Almeda, receiue this crowne of me,
I here inueſt thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roſo neere to Meca.
Orc. What, take it man.
Al. Good my Lord let me take it.
Cal. Dooſt thou aſke him leaue? here, take it. (dozen
Tam. Go too ſirha, take your crowne, & make vp the halfe
So ſirha, now you are a king you muſt giue armes.
Orc. So he ſhal, and weare thy head in his Scutchion.
Tam. Go let him hang a bunch of keies on his ſtandard,

to

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to put him in remembrance he was a Sailor, that when I take him, I may knock out his braines with them, & lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my (chariot. (flame.

Treb. I way, let vs to the field, that the villaine may be

Tamb. Sirha, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my Tent: For as soone as the battell is done, I'le ride in triumph through the campe.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and their traine.

How now ye petty kings, loe, here are buggs
Will make the haire stand vpright on your heads,
And cast your crownes in flattery at their feete.
Welcome Theridamas and Techelles both,
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

Ther. I, my Lord, he was Callapines keeper.

Tam. Well, now ye see he is a king, looke to him Theridamas, when we are fighting, least he hide his Crowne as the foolish king of Persea did.

Sor. No Tamburlaine, he shal not be put to that Exigent I warrant thee.

Tam. You know not sir:
But now my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you euer did, like conquerours,
The glory of this happy day is yours:
My sterne aspect shall make faire victory,
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loden with Lawrel wreathes to crowne vs all.

Tech. I smile to think, how when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearle and treasure on their backes.

Tam. You shal be princes all immediatly:
Come fight ye Turkes, or yeeld vs victory.
Orc. No, we will meet thee slauish Tamburlain. Exeunt.

ACTVS. IIII. SCÆNA. I.

Alarme: Amyras & Celebinus, iſſues from the tent where Caliphas ſits a ſleepe.

NOw in theſe gloſies ſhine the Golden crownes
Of theſe proud Turkes much like ſo many ſuns
That halfe diſmay the maieſty of heauen:
Now brother follow we our fathers ſword,
That flies with fury ſwifter than our thoughts,
And cuts downe armies with his conquering wings.
Cel. Cal forth our laſſe brother from the tent,
For if my father miſſe him in the field,
Wrath kindled in the furnaſſe of his breaſt,
Will ſend a deadly lightening to his heart.
Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen ſo much to ſleepe
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums
And ratling cannons thunder in our eares
Our proper ruine, and our fathers foyle?
Cal. Away pee fooles, my father nædes not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought.
More childiſh valourous that manly wiſe:
If halfe our campe ſhould ſit and ſleepe with me,
My father were enough to ſcar the foe:
You doe diſhonor to his maieſtie,
To thinke our helpes will doe him any good.
Amy. What darſt thou then be abſent from the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardiſe,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be ſtill in field,
When he himſelfe amidſt the thickeſt troopes
Beats downe our foes to flesh our taintleſſe ſwords.
Cal. I know ſir, what it is to kil a man,
It workes remorſe of conſcience in me,
I take no pleaſure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirſt.
Cel. O cowardly boy, fie for ſhame come forth,
Thou doeſt diſhonor manhood, and thy houſe.
Cal. Goe, goe tall ſtripling, fight you for bs both,
And take my other toward brother heere,

For

For person like to proue a second Mars,
Twil please my mind as well to heare both you
Haue won a heape of honor in the field,
And left your slender carkasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company,
Amy. You will not go then?
Cal. You say true.
Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona munch,
That fil the midst of farthest Tartary,
Turn'd into pearle and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father.
When made a victor in these hauty armes,
He comes & finds his sons haue had no shares,
In all the honors he proposde for vs.
Cal. Take you the honor, I will take my ease,
My wisedome shal excuse my cowardise:
I goe into the field before I needs
Alarme, and Amyras and Celebinus runnes in.
The bullets fly at randome where they list:
And should I goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as sone rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that neuer fights,
And should I goe and doe no harme nor good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
Joind with my fathers crowne would neuer cure.
Ile to cardes: Perdicas.
Per. Here my Lord.
Cal. Come, thou and I wil go to cards to driue away the time
Per. Content my Lord, but what shall we play for?
Cal. Who shall kisse the faircst of the Turkes concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.
Per. Agreed yfaith, They play.
Cal. They say I am a coward, (Perdicas) and I feare as little their tara, tantaras, their swords or their cannons as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and for feare I should be affraid, would put it off & come to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare (my Lord) would neuer make yee cry.
Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battell once, to try my valour.

Alarme.

What a coile they keepe, I beleeue there will be some hart done anon amongst them.

Enter Tamburlain, Theridamus, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading the Turkish kinges.

Tam. See now ye slaues, my children keeps your pride,
And leads your bodies sheeplike to the sword,
Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be traind in armes and chiualry?
Amy. Shal we let goe these kings againe my Lord
To gather greater numbers gainst our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,
But matchlesse strength and magnanimity?
Tam. No, no Amyras, tempt not fortune so,
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies:
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,
But wher's this coward, villaine not my sonne,
But traitor to my name and maiesty:

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth, and picture of a slaue,
The obloquie and shame of my renowne,
How may my heart, thus fired with my eis,
Wounded with shame, and kill'd with discontent,
Shroud any thought, may hold my striuing hands
From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule?
Ther. Yet pardon him I pray your Maiesty.
Tech. & Vsu. Let all of vs intreat your highnesse pardon
Tam. Stand vp, ye base vnworthy souldiers,
Know ye not yet the araument of Armes?

Amy

Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiuen for one,
And we will force him to the field hereafter.
Tam. Stand by my boyes, and I will teach ye armes,
And what the iealousie of warres must doe,
O Samarcanda, where I breathed first,
And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh,
Blush, blush faire city, at thine honors foile,
And shame of nature with Iaertis streame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy disdained browes,
Here loue, receiue his fainting soule againe,
A Forme not meet to giue that subiect essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeall spirit moues,
Made of the mould whereof thy selfe consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leauie power against thy throne,
That I might moue the turning Spheares of heauen,
For earth and all this aiery region.
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet, thy mighty friend I sweare,
In sending to my issue such a soule,
Created of the massy dregges of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength or wit,
But follie, sloth, and damned idlenesse:
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemie,
Than he that darted mountaines at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas beares:
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the aire,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being scene.
And now ye cankred curres of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the Sun,
Now you shal feele the strength of Tamburlaine,
And by the state of his supremacie,

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Appꝛoue the difference twixt himſelfe and you,
Orc. Thou ſhewſt the difference twixt our ſelues & thee
In this thy barbarous damned tyꝛanny,
Ier. Thy victoꝛies are grone ſo violent,
That ſhoꝛtly heauen, fild with the meteoꝛs
Of blood and fire thy tyꝛrannies haue made,
Will poure down blood and fire on thy head:
Whoſe ſcalding dꝛops will pierce thy ſeething bꝛaines
And with our bloods, reuenge our blood on thee.
Tam, Villaines, theſe terrours and theſe tyꝛrannies
(If tyꝛrannies wers iuſtice ye repute)
I execute, enioind me from aboue;
To ſcourge the pꝛide of ſuch as heauen abhoꝛs,
Noꝛ am I made Arch-monark of the woꝛld
Crowned and inueſted by the hand of loue,
Foꝛ deedꝛs of bounty oꝛ nobility:
But ſince I exerciſe a greater name,
The Scourge of God and terrour of the woꝛld,
I muſt apply my ſelfe to fit thoſe termes,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague ſuch pelants as reſiſting me:
The poꝛwer of heauens eternall maieſty.
Theridamas Techelles and VſumCaſane
Ranſacke the tents and the pauilions
Of theſe pꝛoud Turks, & take their concubines.
Making them buric this effeminate bꝛat,
Foꝛ not a common Souldier ſhall defile
His manly fingers with ſo faint a boy.
Then bꝛing thoſe Turkiſh harlots to my Tent,
And Ile diſpoſe them as it likes me beſt,
Meane while take him in.
Souldier. Wee will my Loꝛd,
Ier. O Damned monſter, nay a Fiend of Hell,
Whoſe cruelties are not ſo harſh as thine,
Noꝛ yet impoſde, with ſuch a bitter hate,
Orc. Reuenge it Radamanth and Eacus

And

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And let your hates extended in his paines
Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.
Treb. May never day giue vertue to his eies,
whose sight composde of furie and of fire
Doth send such sterne affections to his heart.
Sor. May never spirit, baine or Arter feede
The cursed substance of that cruell heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorseful blood)
Drie vp with anger, and consume with heat.
Tam. Wel, barke ye dogs Ile bridle al your tongues
And binde them close with bits of burnisht steele,
Downe to the channels of your hateful throates,
And with the paines my rigour shal inflict,
Ile make ye roare, that earth may eccho forth
The far resounding torments ye sustaine,
As when an heard of lustie Cymbrian Buls,
Runne mourning round about, the Females misse,
And stung with fury of their following,
Fill al the aire with troublous bellowing:
I will with Engines never exercisde,
Conquer, sacke, and vtterly consume
Your cities and your golden pallaces,
And with the flames that beat against the clowdes
Incense the heavens, and make the starres to melt,
As if they were the teares of Mahomet.
For hote consumption of his countries pride:
And till by vision, or by speach I heare
Immortall Ioue say, Cease my Tamburlaine
I will persist a terrour to the world.
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seene to march vpon the towers of heauen,
Runne tilting round about the firmament,
And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
For honor of my wondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Pauilion Exeunt.

Actus

Actvs IIII. Scæna III.

Olympia alone.

Diſtreſt Olympia, whoſe weeping eies
Since thy arriuall here beholde no Sun,
But cloſde within the compaſſe of the tent.
Hath ſtain'd thy cheekes, & made thee looke like death
Deuiſe ſome meanes to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yeeld to his deteſted ſuite
Whoſe drift is onely to diſhonor thee,
And ſince this earth, dew'd with thy brinish teares,
Affoordes no harbor, whoſe taſte may poyſon the,
Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy ſighes,
Contagious ſiths, and vapors to infect thee,
Nor thy cloſe Caue a ſword to murther thee,
Let this inuention be the inſtrument.

Enter Theridamas.

Ther. Well met Olympia, I ſought thee in my tent
But when I ſaw the place obſcure and darke
Which with thy beauty thou was wont to light,
Enrag'd I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Ioue had ſent his ſonne,
The winged Hermes, to conuey thee hence:
But now I finde thee, and that feare is paſt.
Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my ſuit?

Olym. My Lord and husbands death, with my ſweet ſonnes,
With whom I buried all affections,
Saue griefe and ſorrow which to torment my heart,
Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought
That tends to loue but meditate on death,
A fitter ſubiect for a penſiue ſoule.

Ther. Olympia, pitie him, in whom thy lookes
Do more greater operation and more force
Than Cynthias in the watery wildernes,
For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,

And

And ebbe againe, as thou departſt from me.
Olym. Ah pitie me my Lord, and draw your ſword,
Making a paſſage for my troubled ſoule.
Which beates againſt this priſon to get out,
And meete my husband and my louing ſoune.
Ther. Nothing, but ſtil thy husband and thy ſonne?
Leaue this my loue, and liſten more to me,
Thou ſhalt be ſtately Queene of faire Argier,
And cloth'd in coſtly cloath of maſſy golde,
Vpon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to Venus in her chaire of ſtate,
Commaunding all thy princely eie deſires.
And I will caſt off armes to ſit with thee,
Spending my life in ſweete diſcourſe of loue.
Olym. No ſuch diſcourſe is pleaſant in mine eares
But that where euery period ends with death,
And euery line begins with death againe:
I cannot loue to be an Empereſſe.
Ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing will preuaile,
Ile vſe ſome other meanes to make you yeeld,
Such is the ſodaine fury of my loue,
I muſt and will be pleaſde, and you ſhal yeeld:
Come to the tent againe.
Olym. Stay now my Lord, & will you ſaue my honor,
Ile giue your grace a preſent of ſuch price,
As al the world cannot afford the like.
Ther. What is it.
Olym. An ointment which a cunning Alcumiſt
Diſtilled from the pureſt Balſamum,
And ſimpleſt extracts of all Mynerals.
In which the eſſential forme of Marble ſtone,
Tempered by ſcience metaphiſicall,
And Spels of magicke from the mother of ſpirits,
All with which if you but noint your tender ſkin,
Nor Piſtol Sword, nor Lance can pierce your fleſh.
Ther. Why madam, think ye to mock me thus palpably.

Olym.

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Olim. To proone it, I wil noint my naked throat,
Which when you ſtab, looke on your weapons point,
And you ſhal ſe't rebated with the blow.
Ther. Why gaue you not your husband ſome of it, if
you loued him, and it ſo precious?
Olim. My purpoſe was (my Lord) to ſpend it ſo,
But was preuented by his ſodaine end.
And for a preſent eaſie proofe thereof,
That I deſemble not, try it on me.
Ther. I will Olympia, and I will keepe it for
The richeſt preſent of this Eaſterne world.
She nointes her throat.
Olim. Now ſtab my Lord, & mark your weapons point
That will be blunted if the blow be great.
Ther. Here then Olympia.
What, haue I ſlaine her? Villaine ſtab thy ſelfe:
Cut off this arme that murthered my loue:
In whom the learned Rabies of this age,
Might finde as many wondrous myracles,
As in the Theorie of the world.
Now hell is fairer than Eliſian,
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen,
From whence the ſtarres borowde all their light,
Wanders about the blacke circumference.
And now the damned ſoules are free from paine,
For cruell Fury gazeth on her lookes:
Infernall Dis is courting of my Loue,
Inuenting maſkes and ſtately ſhowes for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treaſurie,
To entertaine this Queene of chaſtitie,
Whoſe body ſhall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treaſure of thy kingdome may afford.
Exit, taking her away.

Actvs. IIII. Scena. III.

Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria with

with bittes in their mouthes, reines in their left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he ſcourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumeſane, Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia, and Ieruſalem led by with fiue or ſix common ſouldiers.

Tam,

HOlla, ye pampered Iades of Aſia:
What, can ye draw but twentie miles a day,
And haue ſo proud a chariot at your heels,
And ſuch a Coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Aſphaltis, where I conquer'd you.
To Byron here where thus I honor you:
The horſe that guides the golden eie of heauen,
And blow the morning from their noſtrils,
Making their fiery gate about the cloudes,
Are not ſo honored in their gouernour,
As you (ye ſlaues) in mightie Tamburlaine.
The headſtrong Iades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That king Egeus fed with humane fleſh,
And made ſo wanton that they knew their ſtrengths,
Were not ſubdew'd with valour more diuine,
Than you by this vnconquered arme of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You ſhal be fed with fleſh as raw as blood,
And drinke in pailes the ſtrongeſt Maſcadell:
If you can liue with it, then liue and draw
My chariot ſwifter than the racking cloudes:
If not, then die like beaſts, and fit for nought
But perches for the blacke and fatal Rauens.
Thus am I right the ſcourge of higheſt Ioue,
And ſee the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and maieſtie.

Ami. Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawen with theſe two idle kinges.

Tam. Thy youth forbids ſuch eaſe my kingly boy,
they ſhall to morrow draw my chariot,

While

While theſe their fellow kings may be refreſht,
Orc. O thou that ſwaieſt the region vnder earth,
And art a king as abſolute as Ioue,
Come as thou didſt in fruitfull Scicilie,
Surueying all the glories of the land:
And as thou tookſt the faire Proſerpina,
Ioying the fruit of Ceres garded plot,
For Ioue, for honor, and to make her Queene,
So for luſt hate, for ſhame, and to ſubdewe
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power
Come once in fury and ſurmay his pride,
Haling him headlong to the loweſt hel.
Ther. Your Maieſty muſt get ſome byts for theſe,
To bridle their contemptuous curſing tongues.
That like vnruly neuer broken Iades,
Breake through the hedges of their hatefull mouthes
And paſſe their fixed bounds exceedingly.
Tech. Nay, we will breake the hedges of their mouths
And pul their kicking colts out of their paſtures.
Vſu. Your Maieſty already hath deuiſde
A meane, as fit as may be to reſtraine
Theſe coltiſh coach-horſe tongues from blaſphemy,
Cel. How like you that ſir king? why ſpeake ye not?
ler. Whe cruel Bat, ſprung from a tyrants loynes.
How like his curſed father he begins,
To practize taunts and bitter tyrannies?
Tam. I Turke, I tel thee, this ſame Bajis he,
That muſt (aduaunſt in higher pompe than this)
Rifle the kingdomes I ſhall leaue vnſackt.
If Ioue eſteeming me too good for earth,
Raiſe me to match the faire Aldeboran,
Aboue the threefold Aſtrachiſme of heauen,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkiſh Concubines,
I will preferre them for the funeral
They haue beſtowed on my aboytiue ſonne.

The

The Concubines are brought in.

Where are my common ſouldiers now that fought
So Lion-like vpon Alphalds plaines?
Soul. Here my Lord.
Tam. Hold ye tal ſouldiers, take ye Queens apeece
(I meane ſuch Queens as were kings Concubines)
Take them deuide them, and iewels too,
And let them equally serue al your turnes.
Soul. We thanke your maieſty.
Tam. Brawle not (I warne you for your lechery,
For euery man that ſo offendes ſhal die.
Orc. Iniurious tyrant, wilt thou ſo defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exerciſe vpon ſuch guiltleſſe Dames,
The violence of thy common ſouldiers luſt.
Tam. Liue content then (ye flames) and meet not me
With troopes of harlots at your Stygian heeles.
Lad. O pitie vs my Lord, and ſaue our honours.
Tam. Are ye not gone ye villains with your ſpoyles?
They run away with the Ladies.
Ier. O mercileſſe infernal cruelty.
Tam. Haue your honours ſtood but time in deede,
Moſt long before ye knew what honour meant.
Ther. It ſeemes they meant to conquer vs my Lorde
And make vs feſting Pageants for their Trulles.
Tam. And now themſelues ſhal make our Pageant,
And common ſouldiers feſt with al their Truls,
Let them take pleaſure ſoundly in their ſpoyles,
Til we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.
Tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,
But preſently be preſt to conquer it.
Tam. We will Techelles, forward then ye Iades:
Now crouch ye kings of greateſt Aſia,
And tremble when ye heare this Scourge wil come,
That whips downe cities, and controwleth crownes,

Adding

Adding their wealth and treaſure to my ſtore.
The Euxine ſea North to Natolia,
The Terrene weſt, the Caſpian north north-eaſt,
And on the ſouth Sinus Arabicus
Shall all be loden with the martiall ſpoiles
We will convey with vs to Perſea.
Then ſhall my native city Samarcanda
And chriſtall waues of freſh Iaertis ſtreame,
The pryd and beautie of her princely ſeat,
Be famous through the furthieſt continents,
For there my Pallace royall ſhall be plac'd:
Whoſe ſhining Turrets ſhall diſmay the heauens,
And caſt the fame of Ilions Tower to hell.
Thorow the ſtreetes with troopes of conquered kinges,
I'le ride in golden armour like the Sun,
And in my helme a triple plume ſhall ſpring,
Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
To note me Emperour of the three fould world:
Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
Vpon thy lofty and celeſtiall mount.
Of euery greene Selinus quaintly deckt
With bloomes more white than Hericinas browes,
Whoſe tender bloſſoms tremble euery one,
At euery little breath that thorow heauen is blowen:
Then in my coach like Saturnes royall ſonne,
Mounted his ſhining chariots, gilt with fire.
And drawen with princely Eagles through the path,
Pau'd with bright Chriſtall, and enchac'd with ſtars,
When al the Gods ſtand gazing at his pomp.
So will I ride through Samarcanda ſtreets,
Until my ſoule diſcouered from this fleſh,
Shal mount the milk-white way and meete him there.
To Babilon my Lords, to Babylon. Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus

Actvs. 5. Scæna. 1.

Enter the Gouernour of Babylon vpon the walles with others,

Gouer.

What saith Maximus?

Max. My Lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Giues such assurance of our vnderthrow,
That little hope is left to saue our liues,
Or hold our citie from the Conquerours handes.
Then hang our flagges my Lord of humble truce,
And satisfie the peoples generall praiers,
That Tamburlaines intolerable wrath
May be suppresst by our submission.

Gou. Villaine, respects thou more thy slauish life,
Than honor of thy country or thy name?
Is not my life and state as deare to me,
The citie and my native countries weale,
As any thing of price with thy conceite?
Haue we not hope, for all our battered walles,
To line secure, and keepe his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walles a fresh with euery thing that falles
Into the liquid substance of his streame,
More strong then are the gates of death or hel.
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defenc'd against our foe
And haue no terrour but his threatning lookes?

Enter another, kneeling to the Gouernour.

My Lord, if euer you did deede of ruth,
And now will worke a refuge to our liues,
Offer submission, hang vp flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pitie our distresse,
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last dates dreadfull siege.

Wherein he ſpareth neither man nor childe,
Yet are there Chriſtians of Georgia here,
Whoſe ſtate was euer pitied and relieu'd:
Will get his pardon if your grace would ſend.
Gouer. How is my ſoule enuironed,
And this enterniſde citie Babylon,
Full'd with a packe of faint heart fugitiues,
That thus intreat their ſhame and ſeruitude?
Another. My Lord, if euer ye will winne our hearts,
Yeeld vp the towne, ſaue our wiues and children:
For I will caſt my ſelfe from off theſe walles,
Or die ſome death of quickeſt violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Gouer. Villaines, cowardes, Traitors to our ſtate,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting ſpirits may vexe
Your ſlauiſh bodies with continual paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld
As long as any life is in my breaſt.
Enter Theridamas and Techelles, with other ſouldiers.
Thou deſperate gouernour of Babylon,
To ſaue thy life, and vs a little labour,
Yeeld ſpeedily the citie to our handes,
Or elſe before yon planet leaue the heauen
More exquiſite than euer Traitor felt.
Gou. Tyrant, I turne the Traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in deſpight of thee.
Call vp the ſouldiers to defend theſe walls.
Tech. Yeeld ſeelie gouernour we offer more
Than euer yet we did to ſuch proud foes,
As dare reſiſt vs till our ſword diſmay'd:
Thou ſeeſt vs preſt to giue the laſt aſſault,
And that ſhall bide no more regard of parlie.
Gou. Aſſault and ſpare not, we will neuer yeeld.
Alarme and they ſcale the walles.

Enter

Enter Tamburlaine, with Vſumcaſane, Amyras and Celebinus, with others, the two ſpare kings.

Tam. The ſtately buildings of faire Babylon,
Whoſe lofty pillers, higher than the cloudes,
Were wont to guide the ſeaman in the deepe.
Being carried thither by the canons force,
Now ſtil the mouth of Limnaſphaltes lake,
And make a bridge vnto the battered walles,
Where Belus, Ninus and great Alexander
Haue rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whoſe chariot wheeles haue burſt thy Aſirians bones
Drawen with theſe kings on heapes of carcaſſes,
Now in the place where faire Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peeres of Aſia,
Hath trode the Meſures, do my ſouldiers march,
And in the ſtreetes, where braue Aſirian dames
Haue rid in pompe like rich Saturnia,
With furious wordes and frowning viſages,
My horſemen brandiſh their vnruly blades.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing the Gouernor of Babylon.

Who haue ye there my Lordes?

Ther. The ſturdy Gouernour of Babylon,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And vſde ſuch ſlender reckning of your mateſty.

Tam. Go binde the villaine, he ſhall hang in chaines,
Vpon the ruines of this conquered towne,
Sirrha, the view of our vermilion tents,
Which thus beſmeard maze than if the region
Next vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comets and of blazing ſtars,
Whoſe flaming traines ſhould reach downe to the earth
Could not affright you, no, nor I my ſelfe,
The wrathfull meſſenger of mightie Ioue,
That with his ſword hath quel'd all earthly kings,
Could not perſwade you to ſubmiſſion,

But ſtil the portes were ſhut: villaine I ſay,
Should I but touch the ruſtie gates of hell,
The triple headed Cerberus would howle,
And wake blacke Ioue to crouch and kneele to me,
But I haue ſent volleies of ſhot to you,
Yet could not enter til the breach was made,
Gou. Nor if my body could haue ſtopt the breath,
Should'ſt thou haue entred, cruel Tamburlaine:
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy ſelfe, the anger of the higheſt,
For though thy cannon ſhooke the citie walls,
My heart did neuer quake, or courage faint.
Tam. Well, now Ile make it quake, go draw it by,
Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my ſouldiers ſhoote the ſlaue to death.
Gou. Vile monſter borne of ſome infernall hag,
And ſent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worſt, nor death nor Tamburlaine,
Torture or paine can daunt my dreadleſſe minde.
Tam. Vp with him then, his body ſhalbe ſcard.
Gou. But Tamburlaine, in Lymnaſphaltis lake,
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which when the citie was beſieg'd I hid,
Saue but my life and I will giue it thee.
Tam. Then for all your valour, you would ſaue your life,
Where about lies it?
Gou. Vnder a hollow banke, right oppoſite
Againſt the weſterne gate of Babylon.
Tam. Go thither ſome of you and take his gold,
The reſt forward with execution,
Away with him hence, let him ſpeake no more:
I thinke I make your courage ſomething quaile,
When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greateſt haſt to Perſea:
Theſe Iades are broken winded, and halfe tyr'd,
Vnharneſſe them, and let me haue freſh horſe:

So,

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So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both vp presently.
Tre. Wild Tyrant, barbarous bloody Tamburlaine.
Tam. Take them away Theridamas, see them dispatcht.
Ther. I will my Lord.
Tam. Come Asian viceroyes, to your tasks a while
And take such fortune as your fellowes felt.
Orc. First let thy Scythian horse teare both our limbs
Rather than we should draw thy chariot.
And like base slaues abiect our princely mindes
To vile and ignominious seruitude.
Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon Tamburlaine,
That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,
A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth bere our soules.
Amy. They will talke still my Lord, if you do not bridle
Tam. Bridle them, and let me to my coach. (them.
They bridle them.
Amy. See now my Lord how brane the captain hangs
Tam. Tis brane indeede, my boy, well done,
Shoote first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.
Ther. Then haue at him to begin withal.
Theridamas shoores
Gou. Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.
Tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid golde,
And offerd me as ransome for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die, shoote at him all at once.
They shoote.
So now he hangs like Bagdets Gouernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Go now and binde the Burghers hand & foot,
And cast them headlong in the cities lake:
Tartars and Persians shal inhabit there;
And to commaund the cittie, I will build

A Cytedell, that all Affrica
Which hath done tribute to the Persian king,
Shal pay me tribute for, in Babylon.
Tech. What shal be done with their wives and chil-
dren my Lord.
Tam. Techelles, Drowne them all, man, woman, & child.
Leave not a Babylonian in the towne.
Tech. I will about it straight, come Souldiers. Exit.
Tam. Now Casane, where's the Turkish Alcaron,
And all the heapes of superstitious bookes,
Found in the Temples of that Mahomet
Whom I have thought a God, they shal be burnt.
Cas. Here they are my Lord.
Tam. Well said, let there be a fire presently,
In vaine I see men worship Mahomet,
My sword hath sent millions of Turkes to hel.
Slew all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untoucht by Mahomet:
There is a God ful of revenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breakes:
Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey.
So Casane, fling them in the fire.
Now Mahomet, if thou have any power
Come downe thy self and worke a miracle,
Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind downe,
To blow thy Alcaron up to thy throne,
Where men report, thou sit'st by God himself,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
That shakes his sword against thy majesty.
And spurns the Foliants of thy foolish laws.
Well souldiers, Mahomet remaines in hel,
He cannot heare the voice of Tamburlaine,
Seeke out another Godhead to adore,

The

The God that sits in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.
Tech. I haue fulfil'd your highnes will, my Lord,
Thousands of men drown'd in Asphaltis Lake,
Haue made the water swell aboue the bankes,
And fishes feede on humaine carcases,
Amasde, swim vp and downe vpon the waues,
As when they swallow Asphalida,
Or which makes them sleete aloft and gape for aire,
Tam. Well then my friendly Lordes, what now re-
But that we leaue sufficient garrison, (maines
And presently depart to Persea,
To triumph after all our victories?
Ther. I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to Persea,
And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,
To some high hil aboue the citie here.
Tam. Let it be so, about it souldiers:
But stay, I feele my selfe distempred sodainly.
Tech. What is it dares distempre Tamburlaine?
Tam. Something Techelles but I know not what,
But forth ye vassals, what so ere it be.
Sickenes or death can neuer conquer me. Exeunt.

Actvs. V. Scœna. III.

Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.
Callap.
KIng of Amasia, now our mightie hoste,
Marcheth in Asia maior where the streames
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly runne,
And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphalis Lake,
Where Tamburlaine with all his armie lies,
Which being faint and wearie with the siege,
We may lie readie to encounter him
Before his host be fall from Babylon,

And ſo reuenge our lateſt grieuous loſſe,
If God or Mahomet ſende any aide.
Ama. Doubt not my Lord, but we ſhal conquer him
The Monſter that hath drunke a ſea of bloode,
And yet gapes ſtil for more to quench his thirſt,
Our Turkiſh ſwords ſhal headlong ſend to hel,
And that blacke carkaſſe drawne by warlike kinges,
The Foules ſhal eate, for neuer ſepulchre
Shal grace his hace-borne Tyrant Tamburlaine.
Cal. When I record my parentes ſlauiſh life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuitie,
My viceroyes bondage vnder Tamburlaine,
Me thinkes I could ſuſtaine a thouſand deaths,
To be reueng'd of all his villany.
Ah ſacred Mahomet, thou that haſt ſeene,
Millions of Turkes periſh by Tamburlaine,
Kingdomes made waſt, braue cities ſact and burnt,
And but one hoſt is left to honour thee.
Aide thy obedient ſeruant Callapine.
And make him after al theſe ouerthrowes,
To triumph ouer curſed Tamburlaine.
Ama. Feare not my Lord, I ſee great Mahomet
Clothed in purple cleowds, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than Apollos crowne,
Marching about the aire with armed men,
To ioyne with you againſt this Tamburlaine.
Renowmed general mightie Callapine,
Though God himſelfe and holy Mahomet,
Should come in perſon to reſiſt your power,
Yet might your mightie hoſte incounter al.
And pul proud Tamburlain vpon his knees,
To ſue for mercy at your highneſſe feete.
Cal. Captaine the feare of Tamburlaine is great
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath ſo ſore diſmaide the worlde,
Are greateſt to diſcourage all our drifts,

Yet

Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at ful,
She wanes againe, and ſo ſhal his Eclipſe,
For we haue here the chiefe ſelected men
Of twenty ſeuerall kingdomes at the leaſt:
Not plowman, Prieſt, nor Merchant ſtaits at home,
All Turky is in armes with Callapine.
And neuer will ſo ſunder camps and armes,
Before himſelfe or his be conquered,
This is the time that muſt eternize me,
For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him
And if we finde him abſent from his campe,
Or that it be reioin'd againe at ful,
Aſſaile it and be ſure of victory. Exeunt.

ACTVS V. SCENA VI.

Theridamas, Techelles, Vſumcaſane.

VVEepe heauens, and vanish into liquid teares,
Fal ſtarres that gouerne his natiuity,
And ſummon all the ſhining lamps of heauen
To caſt their bootleſſe fires to the earth.
And ſhed their feeble influence in the aire,
Muffle your beauties with eternall clowds,
For hell and darkeneſſe pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death with armies of Cimerian ſpirits
Gives battel gainſt the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that wonted loue,
Your ſacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
And made his ſtate an honor to the heauens,
Theſe cowards inuincible aſſaile his ſoule,
And threaten conqueſt on our Soueraigne:
But if he die, your glories are diſgrac'd,
Earth droops and ſaies, that hell in heauen is plac'd.

Tech. O then ye powers that ſway eternal ſeates
And guide this maſſy ſubſtance of the earth,

If

If you retaine desert of holinesse,
As your supreame estates instruct our thoughtes.
Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,
Beare not the burthen of your enemies ioyes,
Triumphing in his fall whom you advaunst,
But as his birth, life, health and majesty
Were strangely blest and governed by heaven,
So honour heaven till heaven dissolued be,
His birth, his life, his health and majesty.

Cas. Doth heaven to loose the honor of thy name
To see thy foot stoole set vpon thy head,
And let no basenesse in thy haughtie breast,
Sustaine a thought of such inexcellencie:
To see the divels mount in Angels throanes.
And Angels dive into the pooles of hell.
And though they think their painfull date is out,
And that their power is puissant as loves,
Which makes them manage armies against thy state.
Yet rise to them feele the strength of Tamburlain,
Thy instrument and note of Majesty,
Is greater far, than they can thus subdue.
For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,
Earth droopes and saies that hell in heaven is plac'd

Tam. What daring God torments my body thus,
And seekes to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,
That haue been tearm'd the terrour of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soule,
Come let vs march against the powers of heaven,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods.
Ah friends, what shal I doe, I cannot stand,
Come carie me to warre against the Gods,
That thus anoie the health of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Ah good my Lord, leane these impatient words,

Which

Which ad much danger to your malladie.
Tam. Why ſhal I ſit and languiſh in this ſeate?
No, ſtrike the drums, and in reuenge of this,
Come let vs charge our ſpeares & pearce his breaſt,
Whoſe ſhoulders beare the Axis of the world,
That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haſte to the court of Ioue,
Will him to ſend Apollo hither ſtraight,
To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my ſelfe.
Tech. Sit ſtil my gracious Lord, this griefe will ceaſe,
And cannot laſt, it is ſo violent.
Tam. Not laſt Techelles, no, for I ſhall die,
See where my ſlaine, the ugly monſter death
Shaking and quiuering, pale and wan for feare,
Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I looke away, comes ſtealing on:
Villaine away, and hie thee to the field,
I and mine armie come to lode thy barke
With ſoules of thouſand mangled carkaſſes,
Looke where he goes, but ſee, he comes againe
Becauſe I ſay, Techelles let vs march,
And wearie Death with bearing ſoules to hell.
Phi. Liſt your Maieſtie to drink this potion,
Which will abate the furie of your fit,
And cauſe ſome milder ſpirits gouerne you.
Tam. Tel me, what thinke you of my ſickneſs now?
Phi. I view'd your vrine, and the Hypoſtaſes
Thick and obſcure doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,
Whereby the moiſture of your blood is dried,
The Humidum and Calor, which ſome holde
Is not a parcell of the Elements,
But of a ſubſtance more diuine and pure,
Is almoſt cleane extinguiſhed and ſpent,
Which being the cauſe of life, imports your death

We-

Beſides my Lord, this day is Criticall,
Dangerous to thoſe, whoſe Crisis is as yours:
Your Arteries which alongſt the braines conuey
The liuely ſpirits which the heart ingenders
Are partcht and bard of ſpirit, that the ſoule
Wanting thoſe Organons by which it moues,
Cannot indure by argument of art,
Yet if your maieſty may eſcape this day,
No doubt, but you ſhall ſoone recouer all.
Tam. Then will I comfort al my vitall parts,
And liue in ſpight of death aboue a day.
Alarme within.
Meſ. My Lord, yong Callapine that lately fled from your maieſty, hath now gathered a freſh army, and hearing your abſence in the field, offers to ſet on vs preſently
Tamb. See my phiſitions now, how loue hath ſent
A preſent medicine to recure my paine:
My looks ſhal make them fly, and might I follow,
There ſhould not one of al the villaines power
Liue to giue offer of another fight.
Vſum. I ioy my Lord, your highneſſe is ſo ſtrong
That can endure ſo well your royal preſence,
Which onely will diſmay the enemy.
Tam. I know it will Caſane: draw you ſlaues,
In ſpight of death I will goe ſhew my face.
Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out againe with all the reſt.
Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare,
Like Sumners bayes, vanisht by the Sun,
And could I but a while purſue the field,
That Callapine ſhould be my ſlaue againe.
But I perceiue my martial ſtrength is ſpent,
In vaine I ſtriue and raile againſt thoſe powers
That meane to inueſt me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this diſdainful earth.
Giue me a Map, then let me ſee how much

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Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boies may finish al my wants
One brings a Map.
Here I began to march towards Persea,
Along Armenia and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto Bythinia where I took
The Turke and his great Emperelle prisoners,
Then marcht I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,
Being distant lesse than ful a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channell to them both,
That men might quickly saile to India.
From thence to Nubia neere Borno Lake.
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropicke line of Capricorne,
I conquered al as far as Zanzibar,
Then by the Northerne part of Affrica,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backeward and forwards neere fiue thousand leagues.
Looke here my boies, see what a world of ground,
Lies westward from the midst of Cancers line,
Vnto the rising of this earthly glob,
Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day without Antipodes:
And shal I die, and this vnconquered?
Loe here my sonnes, are al the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia, and the world beside,
And from th Antartique Pole, Eastward behold
As much more land, which neuer was descried,
Wherein are rockes of Pearle, that shine as bright
As al the Lamps that beautify the Sky,
And shal I die, and this vnconquered?

Here

Here lonely boies, what death forbids my life,
That let your lines commaund in spight of death.
Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding harts
Wounded and broken with your highnesse griefe,
Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life:
Your soule gives essence to our wretched subiects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.
Cel. Your paines do pierce our soules, no hope sur-
For by your life we entertaine our lines, (vives,
Tam. But sonnes, this subiect not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it containes,
Must part, imparting his impressions,
By equall portions into both your breasts:
My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,
Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
And line in all your seedes immortally:
Then now remoue me, that I may resigne
My place and proper title to my sonne:
First take my Scourge and my imperiall Crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remoue.
Ther. A woful change my Lord, that daunts our
More than the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts,
Tam. Sit vp my sonne, let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy fathers maiestie.
They crowne him
Amy. Alas with what a flinty bosome should I ioy,
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,
If not resolu'd into resolued paines,
My bodies mortified lineaments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the ioy of any dignities.
O father, if the vnrelenting ears
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spightfull influence of heauen,

Denis

Denie my ſoule fruition of her ioy,
How ſhould I liue or ſtir my hatefull eyes,
Againſt the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only ſeekes to die,
And plead in vaine, diſpleaſing ſouereignie.
Tam. Let not thy loue exceed thine honor ſonne,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimitie,
That nobly muſt admit neceſſitie:
Sit vp my boy, and with theſe gentle words,
Kindle the fealed ſtomackes of thoſe Rebels.
Ther. My Lord, you muſt obey his maieſtie,
Since Fate commaunds, and preſſing neceſſitie.
Amy. Heauens witneſſe me, with what a wounded hart
And damned ſpirit I aſcend this ſeat,
And ſend my ſoule before my father die,
His anguiſh and his burning agony.
Tam. Now fetch the hearſe of faire Zenocrate.
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,
And ſerue as parcell of my funerall.
Caſ. Then feeles your maieſty no ſouereigne eaſe,
Nor may our hearts all droun'd in teares of bloud,
Ioy any hope of your recouerie?
Tamb. Caſane no, the Monarke of the earth
And eieleſſe Monſter that torments my ſoule,
Cannot behold the teares ye ſhed for me,
And therefore ful ingluts his crueltie.
Tech. Then let ſome God oppoſe his holy power
Againſt the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his tearre-thyrſty and vnquenched hart
May be vpon himſelfe reuengeleſſe.
They bring in the hearſe.
Tam. Now eies, inioy your laſteſt benefite,
And when my ſoule hath berefte of your light,
Pierce through the coffin and the cheſt of gold,
And glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.
So raigne my ſonne, ſcourge and controll theſe ſlaues,
Guiding

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Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand.
As precious is the charge thou vndertak'ſt
As that which Clymenes brainſicke ſonne did guide,
When wandring Phœbes iuory cheeks were ſcorcht,
And all the earth like Aetna breathing fire:
Be warnd by him, then learne with awfull eie
To ſway a throne as dangerous as his:
For if thy body thinke not full of thoughtes
As pure and fiery as Phyteus beames,
The nature of theſe proud rebelling Iades
Will take occaſion by the ſlendereſt haire,
And draw thee peecemeale like Hyppolitus,
Through rocks more ſteepe and sharp than Caſpian cliffs.
The nature of thy chariot will not beare
A guide of baſer temper than my ſelfe,
More than heauens coach the pride of Phaeton,
Farewell my boies, my dearest friends, farewel.
My body feeles, my ſoule doth weepe to ſee
Your ſweet deſires depriu'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the ſcourge of God muſt die.

Amy. Meet heauen & earth, & here let all things end
For earth hath ſpent the pride of all her fruit,
And heauen conſumd his chiefeſt liuing fire.
Let earth and heauen his timeleſſe death deplore,
For both their worths will equall him no more.

FINIS.

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